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Special Features This Issue  
Starvation - The Great Tool Hunt  
Concerning Champlain - Builders' Feedback



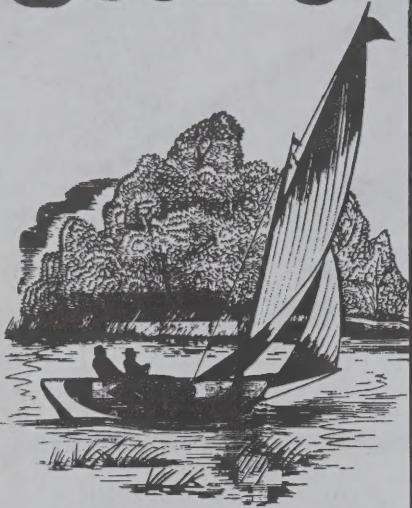
# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 16 - Number 11

October 15, 1998



# messing about in BOATS



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Volume 16 - Number 11  
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## In Our Next Issue...

Dick Michelson provides some photo coverage of "Hawaii on the Hudson".

Ross Miller continues his cruise series with "Upwind Cruise"; Smiljka Fitzgerald reveals how sailing is "Better Than Disney"; John Gignilliat explains "The Lesson"; and Ron Hoddinott continues his *Whisper* tales with "Whisper Explores Her Own Neighborhood".

David Wilson describes "A Cheap River Boat in '55"; Bob Hawk details at length "Building the Glen L Rob Roy"; and Jim Hornby offers the first installment of "How I Became a Boatbuilder".

Fred Shell has a new idea to show us with his "Crab Claw Cat"; Dave Poskitt offers details on his "New Canoe"; we'll take a look at "What's New at CLC?"; and Richard Carsens' Dreamboat this issue is "Sleigh Boat".

Dynamite Payson concludes "The Great Tool Hunt" and Phil Bolger has yet to reveal what he will have for us.

## On the Cover...

It's called Starvation Reservoir and is in the lonely eastern reaches of Utah, a favored sailing area for Jim Thayer and that Intermountain Messabout group. Jim has a story and more photos about their latest adventure in this issue.

## Commentary...

Not to belabor the point too much, but the beat goes on in the daily newspapers about small boating fatalities. The roundup of a few news clippings on this page in the August 15th issue prompted Robb White's "Commentary on the subject in the September 15th issue. As a wrapup look at how this small boat safety issue is viewed out there in newspaper land, here are a few more summaries of news clippings we've received.

### Life Jackets Save Lives... (but only if they are worn!)

(From *The Paddler*, RICA newsletter, by Tom Meade, *Providence Journal* Sports Writer, Providence, RI)

Two more people died in a boating accident, killed after their boat hit a jetty and capsized at the mouth of the Connecticut River. Neither was wearing a life jacket, according to officers from the state Department of Environmental Protection.

In Rhode Island this summer, four people died in two incidents when their canoes capsized. None of them were wearing life jackets. Mike Scanlon, Rhode Island's marine-safety coordinator is frustrated. "Life jackets save lives but only if you are wearing them," he says. "We try to inform people, but they don't like the message."

Anglers, hunters and paddlers are the worst when it comes to not wearing life jackets. "Hunters, fishermen, canoers, kayakers just don't consider themselves to be recreational boaters," says Scanlon. "They don't go out in the big waves. They stay close to shore. They just get to the duck blind, the fishing spot."

Across the country, more than 60% of boating deaths are in boats shorter than 15', and canoes and kayaks, says Scanlon. Personal watercraft aren't as lethal as canoes. "Personal watercraft... can be dangerous," says Steve Hall, chief of the Department of Environmental Management's enforcement division, "but when they get into accidents, people get hurt but they usually live because they are required by law, both operator and passengers, to wear life jackets."

Most states require children to wear life jackets in boats. In Rhode Island, the law says children under 11 must wear life jackets when they are on boats shorter than 26'. Maybe we should take a look at a mandatory lifejacket law for canoes, kayaks and small boats under 15'."

Current law requires that a boat must have enough life jackets aboard for everyone, but only children have to wear them. Hunters and anglers, says Scanlon, have plenty of excuses for not wearing the safety devices: "They're too hot, too bulky, they take up too much room."

None of these excuses, however, is legitimate since the Coast Guard approved inflatable vests. Developed by SOSpenders and now made by a variety of manufacturers, the devices take up as much room as a pair of suspenders, so they are cool and light weight. Inflated in a second or two by a cartridge, the devices will keep even a

heavy person afloat until rescuers arrive. They are available in a variety of colors including camouflage for duck hunters. They cost from \$70 to a deluxe model with a built-in safety harness for \$175, said a salesman at West Marine in Newport.

"The bottom line," says Scanlon, "is every person on a boat should wear a life jacket. There is no reason not to. Life jackets come in every size, shape, color, and also are designed for comfort and looks. Life jackets are designed for hunters, canoers, kayakers... for just about any situation found on, in or around the water and boats. No excuses."

### Jet Ski Accident Kills Teen

(From the *Patriot Ledger*, Quincy, MA)

A 15 year old Duxbury youth was killed on a lake in New Hampshire when a jet ski driven by his 21 year old sister, on which he was a passenger, collided with one driven by his mother, on which his 11 year old brother was a passenger. All four were hospitalized, the 15 year old was pronounced dead, the others were not seriously injured.

### Man Killed in Plymouth Harbor

(From the *Brockton Enterprise*, Brockton, MA)

An East Boston man was killed and his female passenger injured when two jet skis collided in Plymouth Harbor. Police said the crash appeared to have been caused by inexperience in operating personal watercraft. A man with less than two hours experience drove broadside into the victim's stationary jet ski.

### Boat Found, Passengers Missing, in Winnebago

(From the Associated Press)

Searchers located a boat in 90' of water on the bottom of Lake Winnebago but failed to find two Barnstead men missing since the boat swamped about a mile from shore on a trip to an island for an annual traditional family outing. The operator of the boat told the missing men to put on their life jackets while he swam for help. He was picked up by a passing boat near the island after two hours in the water. He later went out with the search boats to pinpoint the location where the boat went down.

### Vacation Trip Has Tragic Ending

(From the *Brockton Enterprise*, Brockton, MA)

A Plymouth man drowned in northern Maine, swept to his death when his leg got tangled in the anchor line of his canoe when it flipped as it was carried through the swift moving East Outlet from Moosehead Lake into Indian Pond. The river was unusually high and the current faster than usual due to recent rain.

### So Why Get Concerned Ourselves?

Whatever we may think about these clippings, they illustrate the view held by the non-boating media. They are real happenings in which people lost their lives in small boats. The safety mavens who cannot contend with highway slaughter are ever on the lookout for smaller problems they can "solve" with their favorite method, "regulation".

Saturday, July 4th. Decent weather (about 90°, light winds, occasional shower). Heavy recreational vessel traffic. In anticipation of a major weekend, every vessel safety agency was on the water. We heard, on Channel 23 in the course of our seven-hour patrol, two Coast Guard boats, four other Auxiliary vessels, two sheriff's boats and two N.C. Wildlife vessels.

It was a surprisingly, and delightfully, easy day. We heard two distress calls. One was serious. A 28' cruiser was taking on water from what was suspected to be a crack in the hull. A recreational boat took the children to safety. An active duty Coast Guard 41-footer, with large dewatering pump, took the stricken vessel to port. No injuries, no property loss. The second distress call, made by a remarkably calm skipper, was a simple engine failure. He was in no danger, anchored, and the Coast Guard put out a vessel-in-distress call, which was answered in seconds by a commercial towing boat.

About mid-day we heard a report of two personal watercraft being "operated in a dangerous fashion." A sheriff's boat was nearby and responded. We did not hear the end of that story. The PWC's were described in detail, but



## Small Boat SAFETY

### Holiday

By Tom Shaw, U.S.C.G.A.

no vessel ID numbers were given, probably because the numbers were fancy, multi-colored script rather than plain block letters at least 3" high. PWC dealers sell these numbers for high prices, oblivious to the fact that they are not legal vessel numbering.

A sheriff's boat came across an overturned catamaran and stood by until the skip-

per ""swam it" safely to shore. He was probably never in danger, but it must have been nice to have had a rescue vessel standing by "just in case."

As for us, we had an easy patrol. We collected trash from the ICW three times, something that is, happily, becoming unusual (blame it on tourists). We saw one boat with a person "bow riding" and, by gestures, persuaded him to get his feet back in the boat. We were hailed by a new boater who wanted a Vessel Safety Check and joined him at a nearby dock. He was lacking some items of safety equipment and it was a good educational session.

All in all, it was a remarkably peaceful day. Even the PWC's behaved, well, almost all of them. We saw one wake jumping, but he sped away before we could talk to him. I like to think that the presence of so many safety and law enforcement vessels on duty helped to make it so safe. The only "hard part" was returning to our marina, understandably tired, and being asked to do a series of vessel safety checks when all we wanted to do was head for home and a shower. Incidentally, they all passed and received their decals.

## "The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



Readers wishing to contribute stories to the *Old Ed Stories* can send them to me at 2664 E. 18th St., Apt. 3F, Brooklyn, NY 11235. Those accepted will be cited in print and will receive a copy of the book when published.

## Cod Liver Pie

My old friend Jake once worked on a Grand Banks cod-fishing schooner. Everyone on board worked on shares. That meant that they got a portion of the vessel's income for the trip, gross, not net. A good trip could go a long way toward making a man respectably cozy, at least for a while.

After the end of the day's fishing, everyone worked to gut the fish and salt down the catch. As the end of the cleanup, the gurry (blood and guts) would be disposed of over the side, and the livers would be put in a barrel on deck to decompose into cod liver oil.

On the trip Jake told me of, he signed on for a share on a boat out of Gloucester. She had a reputation as always making a profit and as a good feeder. The captain and the cook had been friends for many years and always sailed together. The rest of the crew was not as keen on the cook as the captain was, especially the second sitting (eating shift) at dinner. There were rumors of how mean he was when the captain was not looking, and how a lot of his constant spitting was ending up in the food. One day, a week out, one of the dorymen got into a clanging match with him, and before the captain could come below and intervene, the cook clutched at his chest and died.

Well, here they were at the beginning of a three-month trip with no cook. The captain

made a decision and elected Jake the new cook. He also stated that if anyone complained about the food, that person could take his place on the job. Needless to say, Jake was not pleased with this turn of events. After cooking for a week, he asked to be relieved of the job.

The captain replied that, seeing as how he was doing a pretty good job and no one except for him was complaining, he'd have to hang on to it for a while yet. During the next few weeks Jake made sure that the food on that schooner got pretty bad. Still, no one complained. No one wanted the job. Finally Jake decided that, short of feeding them poison, he would do almost anything to get himself back into a dory.

One day as Jake sat on deck waiting for the rest of the crew to return with the day's catch, his eye lit on that barrel of rotting cod livers. As everyone knows, cod liver oil is vile tasting stuff, so Jake decided to make the worst pie he could with those rotting livers. That night he served up his cod liver pie with the comment that this was one of his favorite recipes. If the crew liked it, he'd serve it regularly. The members of the first sitting dug in and one of them turned to him and said, "This pie tastes almost as high as that barrel of cod livers up on deck, good, though."

That's when Jake knew he was truly stuck with the job.

### We Buy Canoes

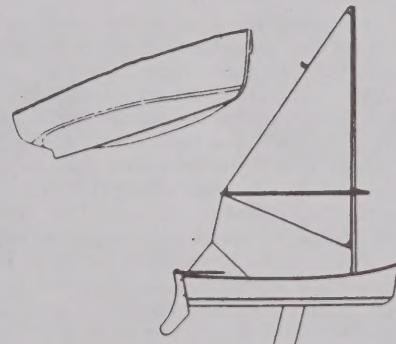
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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### IYRS Family Day

Thousands of people attended our 3rd Annual IYRS Family Day at our downtown Newport, RI waterfront facilities on August 23rd. A featured activity was the harbor rides in notable yachts such as *Northern Light*, *Isabelle*, *Aurora*, *Pam*, *Pearl Necklace* and *Rum Runner*, as well as rides in several smaller boats restored at the school.

Members of the U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Association displayed their fascinating models, there was musical entertainment and programs for the children, including the building of toy wooden boats.

This major event each year draws public attention to our purpose, teaching the skills, history and related sciences involved in the restoration of classic yachts.

International Yacht Restoration School, 449 Thames St., Newport, RI 02840

### Sailing Home

Jackie turned and looked over his shoulder towards the west side of the river. There were low, dark clouds beginning to form. He sat facing forward again and looked out across the gray surface of the water ahead. It would take him at least fifteen minutes to sail back to the dock. He pulled up the collar of his slicker to keep the wind off his neck. The waves were coming closer together and the breeze had picked up considerably.

He turned again, facing the wind, then lifted his chin and closed his eyes. Maybe his father had been right after all, he thought. He sniffed the air. There was a sweet, metallic scent and the sky ahead had a green cast to it that hadn't been there just moments before. He held onto the tiller a little tighter while he changed direction slightly and pulled in the sail. The small boat picked up speed and hopped across the surface of the water like a flat stone. He leaned back against the stern and relaxed. If the wind didn't shift too much he could hold his course and make it back to the other side of the bay on this tack.

But it was getting more and more difficult to steer. There were whitecaps now, topping waves that were getting higher, and every time he hit one the boat strayed off course. He clutched the mainsheet tightly in his hand. It took all of his strength to hold the boat steady. With each wave the bow bounced high into the air then came crashing back down with a thud. He squinted through the salty spray and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, shivering in the now cold air.

Just a little further. But he wasn't going to outrun the rain. The first drop came from windward and smacked him hard, on the side of his face. Then, thwack! Another drop, right in the eye! Big drops, the size of pennies. He watched one fall and land on his wrist, then leaned over and licked it

off. It tasted like copper too, he thought, as his tongue swelled with the water.

He looked up, straining to find the entrance of the harbor through the downpour. It took a few moments for his eyes to adjust but then, there it was, just a short distance away. He'd made it! The wind let up as soon as he passed through the breakwater. Inside, the marina was calm and the only sound was the soft patter of the summer rain as it flecked the water. He let the sail way out now and glided effortlessly towards the dock.

His father was standing there, waiting and holding out his hand. "Jackie, throw me the bow line." The boy picked up a neatly coiled line, heavy with rain, and flung it across the empty space between the dock and the boat. As the line played out in mid-air he could see the worried look on his father's face unravel and open up into a wide, grateful smile.

Diane Lechleitner-Maass

### Needs...

#### Boats for Boy Scouts

Each year I make an effort to locate and obtain the donation of some kind of small boat to the Boy Scout camp that serves my section of southeastern Massachusetts. The idea is to make available to the boys assorted craft that are different from the camp's fleet of aluminum outboard skiffs that serves them as so-called "rowboats".

For the 1999 season it would be nice if I could obtain a sea kayak. It need not be a sophisticated late model, just something adequate to use on a pond that's half a mile wide. Something good enough to give older boys a basic idea of what this kind of boat is like and what it can do.

Someone has already donated a 15' Grumman aluminum canoe. It would be great if I could fit this craft with a sailing rig before taking it to camp next spring. If anyone has anything from parts that could be used, up to a complete rig, I'd be pleased to hear from them.

Also helpful would be a common flat-bottom aluminum john boat of medium length. This would be kept at the waterfront all through the winter, ready for quick use should a person or animal fall through thin ice.

I could refurbish a shabby boat, but would rather not get involved with one needing major work. Other types of boats than the above would of course be given consideration should any reader have something he or she would consider donating to a worthy cause.

Bob Whittier, P.O. Drawer T, Duxbury, MA 02331

### This Magazine...

#### Don't Change

Please do not change the format or editorial practices of *Messing About in Boats*. I think the subject matter is fine the way it is. I have cancelled subscriptions to other sailing publications because they are too frequently just repeating what was written last year or the year before. I saw my own class publication (*Pelican Post*) go to ruin just because of that and failing to keep up with current happenings and ideas. Bolger's boats may be ugly (in some cases), but the ugliest boat I ever saw was a multi-million dollar power yacht in the Caribbean last January.

On another matter, I was extremely interested in your account of kayaking with your paraplegic friend. My son is also a para, who is active, holds down a full time job with the National Park Service, is active in the community and with his family, and sailed with me a lot. I am nearly through with building one of Jim Michalak's boats (Larsboat) for use by him and his son/daughter. I made some modifications, such as using carlins for deck support, instead of a splash rail that would require dragging his legs over it, as well as providing a more comfortable place to put his hands when entering and exiting the boat. Will send you a picture when it is done. Anyway, it is a fine thing you are doing, and although the rewards are intangible, they are great.

Robert W Smithson, Bend, OR

#### Don't Change a Gawd Damn Thing

I take strong exception to the letter in the August 15 "You write to us about..." which stated that the content of *Messing About in Boats* almost made him not renew his subscription. To paraphrase a line from an old "Bert & I" record let me say: "Don't you change a gawd damn thing!" Let me assert, Sir, that *Messing About in Boats* has a high standard, it is just different from the others. Personal writing style is what makes the magazine the treasure it is. Most articles read like each correspondent is writing a letter home.

Richard Ellers, Warren, OH

**Editor Comments:** We received a number of letters and calls essentially voicing the above views. Two readers noted on renewals that they supported the views expressed in the original letter.

#### Clarification Please

The article you published on the Mast Up in the August 15th issue was accurate for the first three paragraphs but the following paragraphs were about how I replaced a broken gin pole on my Santana 23. A mixup.

The Mast Up is an excellent product and I hope people don't get the wrong idea and think it suffers from metal fatigue. The folks at Mast Up must be scratching their heads!

Robert Taylor, Roseburg, OR

**Editor Comments:** I have no idea now (September 10th) what happened, original material for that issue has been disposed of.

## Useful Information...

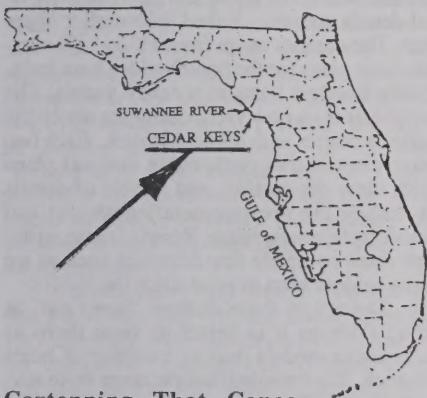
### My Apologies

My apologies to the writer in the August 15th issue whose letter, "And Some More Suggestions," caught my lapse. This is the map I forgot to include in my article "Consider Cedar Key" in the April 15 issue.

This year's announcement did state, "The Cedar Keys...form a cape on Florida's Gulf Coast, 100 miles north of Tampa, seven miles south of the mouth of the Suwannee River". Sorry about the confusion.

Now that everyone knows where Cedar Key is, perhaps we'll see them next year, the first weekend in May, at the 15th Annual Small Boat Meet.

Hugh Horton, Mt. Clemens, MI



### Cartopping That Canoe

Chuck Eckfield wanted to know of a way to get his canoe on top of his van. A method was described in one of the boating magazines I get which was very simple and may work for Chuck. Unfortunately, I can't find the article, so I can't give the writer credit. (I also can't describe the system as well as he did.)

He had two planks long enough to reach the roof of his car from the ground at about a 45 degree angle. In each plank, spaced a foot or two apart were pegs maybe an inch or two high. Lean the planks against the car, parallel to each other, one toward the front and one toward the back. Turn the canoe upside down on the planks at their base, lift the bow of the canoe up onto a plank so it is held by a peg, then do the same at the stern. Repeat until the canoe is at roof level and slide it onto your roof rack.

I have a system for getting our six(ty)-hour canoe onto the roof of my car. I keep the canoe suspended, upside down, from screw hooks in the ceiling of the garage. There are two screw hooks at the bow and two at the stern. Each rope supporting the canoe at the bow and stern has several loops tied into it. One loop is located on the rope so that the canoe is held snug against the garage ceiling. Another loop is located on the rope so that I can lower the bow to roof rack height. The bow is suspended over the hood of the car. I lower the bow by lifting it up enough to unhook the one loop, lower the bow and catch the next loop on the screw eye. After lowering the bow, I unhook the stern from the roof, and swing it around the back of the car, sliding it onto the roof rack.

Roger H. James, Wallingford, CT

### Eldridge Tide & Pilot Book Releases Interactive Software

The publisher of *Eldridge Tide and Pilot Book* announces the release of Eldridge TideWare (tm), a computerized water atlas including 50 indexed NOAA/NOS vector maps of the U.S. Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico coasts. The user will be able to view tide gauges and current arrows based on NOAA's full list of primary and secondary stations. Additionally, it's easy to add and name custom tide locations from local knowledge, measurements or observations.

The program, on CD-ROM for Windows95/98/NT, allows the prediction of tide heights and currents for thousands of locations. Six years of NOAA data through 2004 are included on the CD with additional years of data available from our website, free of cost.

Robert E. White Instruments, Inc., 34 Commercial Wharf, Boston, MA 02110

### Projects...

#### This Year's Projects

I have been involved in two rebuilding/restoration projects in the past year.

This San Francisco Bay Pelican, designed by Capt. W.H. Short, is the 12' loa by 6' beam size with standing lugsail. The photo shows her in Morro Bay with Morro Rock (at 576' often called the "Gibraltar of the Pacific") in the distance.

The catamaran we rebuilt is a James Wharam design belonging to Tim Frein, driving force behind our "Baywod Navy".



### The Whole Quotation

The title of this magazine is just the tip of the iceberg of its source, which in its entirety summarizes what we find so engrossing in our messing about in boats:

"There is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. In or out of 'em, it doesn't matter. Nothing seems really to matter, that's the charm of it. Whether you get away, or whether you don't, whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all, you're always busy, and you never do anything in particular; and when you've done it there's always something else to do, and you can do it if you like, but you'd much better not."

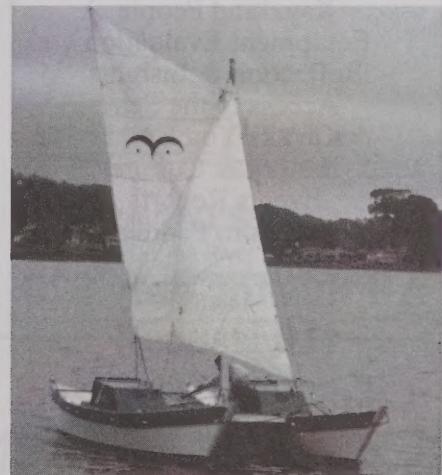
Kenneth Grahame (1859-1932), British essayist, writer of Children's books

It is a 23' wooden sprit rigged catamaran.

I also include a photo of our sailing area, a tidal estuary behind a barrier sand dune, great for sailing, kayaking and rowing. The dinghy on the beach is my Lyle Hess 8' Fatty Knees.

I was pleased to see the work of our west coast builder, Tony Groves, mentioned in the August 15th issue in the Bolger Retriever feature. Tony is a fine builder.

Jack Moore, Los Osos, CA



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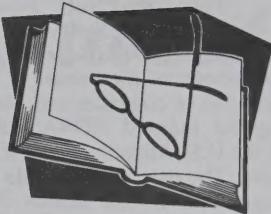
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## Book Review

### *Cruising Sailboat Kinetics The Art, Science & Magic of Cruising Boat Design*

By Danny Greene, N.A.  
Tiller Publishing  
P.O. Box 447, St. Michaels, MD 21663  
Soft Cover, 237pp, \$35

Reviewed by John Hawkinson

Danny Greene, Naval Architect, for many years the design editor for *Cruising World* magazine, lives the cruising life in Bermuda on his own steel ketch *Brazen*. This 1997 revision of his earlier book is alive with vital knowledge about cruising sailboats which he describes as "more than a home, a wind driven vessel, a means of transportation; it is a marvelous combination of art and engineering, of design and construction, of sailor and machine." To Greene, cruising sailboats are "passports to explore places, meet people and pursue dreams."

The first half of this book fairly and clearly exposes us to cruising boat kinetics, which are equally valid for readers with a canoe, a Klepper, or a Thayer Limpet. Kinetics is the science of relations between motions of bodies and forces acting upon them. His book is about the basics: weight, buoyancy, centers of gravity and effort, prismatic coefficients, and ultimate stability, to name a few.

The text is enhanced with graphs comparing such factors as stability with instability or speed/length ratios. All types of sailing rigs, construction methods, cabin arrangements, and deck layouts are compared. At the end of each chapter there is a gathering of information as a table to give the reader an overview. He addresses the questions; "Does the boat fit human beings? How is speed attained? Can cost be reduced without losing performance?" Where does *Cruising Boat Design* lead us? The author's intention is to help us sort through a sea of variables and select a boat.

Danny Greene's book encourages a close relationship between the boat owner and the designer, which is unusual today. One wonders how many owners know who designed their boats. The cruising boats illustrated here are on a larger scale than the ones readers of *Boats* trail or car-top and hand launch for adventure are. We have the chance to take a page out of his book and get to know the designers who regularly show up at small craft festivals and programs. These fellows are civilized, approachable, interested in our boat experi-

ences, and rarely bite.

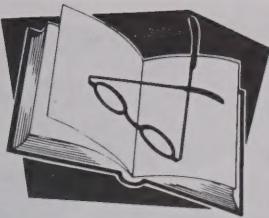
The chapter comparing cruising hull types shows human figures to scale standing or sitting in specific boats to indicate their size. An exciting sailing machine might lack standing headroom, storage space, and sitting space, however, a boat to take your friends cruising for a week or two must have secure privacy and comfort. Deck layout likewise requires care to prevent fatigue during long deck watches. He points out the potential hazard of deep cockpit lockers extending to the bilge (like mine do), a large wave could fill the hull through this channel. The chapter "Towards Developing a Critical Eye" illustrates how to sum up the available information on a given design as a decision making discipline.

Sixty-two cruising boat examples from 38 different design firms are described in the second half of the book, and many of their vital details are cross-linked with earlier chapters. The designs range from 18' to 130' overall, from plans for the homebuilder, bare hulls, partly finished boats to turnkey yachts. The emphasis is on how yacht designers match the sailor's desires with his pocketbook. Each two page entry shows deck, cabin and sail plans with clear description, and a table of details including the displacement/length and sail area/displacement ratios. Some of these write-ups show complete line drawings such as we have seldom seen in print since the 1950's.

Do any of these designs "jump out" at you? Perhaps it is better to view them as achievable models than as a catalog of boats in stock. The recorded designs range from several 18-20' "Pocket" cruisers to many in the 30' and 40' range to a few over 60'. It would be helpful to have each boat entry labeled with its number as used in the graphs, as well as the year of the design, are these examples current, and are these designers still active? One would like to have a notion of cost, but "blue-book" figures rarely exist where production numbers are low.

This book skillfully describes the options in cruising boat design. In a sailboat intended for living aboard and passage making, creature comfort has top priority. Greene explains the motion comfort ratio devised by Ted Brewer which favors heavy displacement, especially in vessels under 30'. Longer boats need less displacement to rate favorably. The motion comfort ratio represents the severity of motion that a boat will display at sea whether bobbing like a cork or steady. All ratios are subject to conjecture and argument, and, to consult the oracle, "most formulas amount to no more than multiplying the absurd by the preposterous and adding to this the cube root of the ridiculous," L. Francis Herreshoff. Consensus favors the steady relaxed glide of a boat that scores well on the Brewer scale and shuns the bucking bronco. When a storm at sea is encountered, any vessel can be uncomfortable.

It helps to refer to the summary tables and graphs in the first half of the book to understand how an attractive boat really behaves. *Annie*, a charming 29' sloop by C.W. Paine, would get high marks in motion comfort, stability, and sturdiness. When compared to a light displacement cruiser of the same length, beam, draft, and sail area, such as R9-30 by Rolf Eliasson, *Annie* would weigh 3000 pounds more, cost more to build, and might be less exiting to sail. If I were going offshore, however, I'd prefer *Annie*.



## Book Review

### Build Serenity - The Slowest Boat Afloat

#### An Author's Rebuttal

My first glance at Al Tilley's review of my book *Build Serenity! - The Slowest Boat Afloat!!* was a disappointment as I saw that Mr. Tilley had repeatedly misspelled my name. My name is displayed prominently on the cover and numerous other places in the book. I would like it to be known that my name is spelled, "F-o-d-E-n" - Not "Fodon" as Mr. Tilley spelled it. It would seem to me that as a matter of simple courtesy that anyone reviewing a book should spell the author's name correctly.

Unfortunately my initial impression that Mr. Tilley had not read *Build Serenity* very carefully was confirmed by the rest of his criticisms. I would like to present my reactions to each of what I consider Mr. Tilley's unfair and inaccurate statements as they occur in Mr. Tilley's review.

1. Inadequate Editing: *Build Serenity* was edited, re-edited, and edited yet again by myself, a certified English teacher of years of experience, and two other knowledgeable college graduate reader/editors. It is considered by all concerned to be quite readable by a person of normal intelligence.

2. The Terrible Typo: The only typo in the 81 word passage Mr. Tilley quotes as an example of the typos he alleges have made my book unreadable is where I have indeed substituted the number "10" for "20" in no way substantially affecting the legibility of this passage.

3. Grainy Illustrations: Yes some of my 200+ pictures and illustrations were a bit grainy but they were the best available at the time and changes have been made in the book production process which will "clear up" most of this problem.

4. Epoxy vs. Polyester Resin: Apparently Mr. Tilley is not aware that just about all "fiberglass" boats made today are made with polyester resin. That eminent authority on plywood boat construction, Glen L. Witt in his, *Boat Building with Plywood* recommends the use of polyester resin in covering plywood boats.

5. Helm Position: Although it is not described in the book it is possible to steer your *Serenity* using a simple lever while sitting in an easy chair on the front "porch", or inside the cabin, with a completely unobstructed 270 degree view of on-coming Cigarettes. Incidentally no self and safety respecting shantyboater should be anywhere near water infected with Cigarettes.

6. Sailing Rig: Who says you have to put sails on *Serenity*'s masts? (They are optional anyway). I do have plans for putting sails on them, a sprit rig for simplicity's sake. I would not want to confuse Mr. Tilley any further by telling him that since *Serenity* is "double ended" she could be sailed in either direction like a proa. Sailing "forward" she could be a ketch and sailing "backward" she would be a schooner!! Sails would, of course, be homemade of tarpaulin material..

7. Other Shantyboat Alternatives: There are many, "Mini-houseboats" designed today by such worthy designers as Phil Bolger and the other designers Mr. Tilley refers to. BUT few of them can by any stretch of the imagination be called, "Shantyboats". The only one that could fall into this category is John Atkin's *Retreat*. This was the reason I slavishly took my *Serenity*'s lines from Mr. Atkin's *Retreat*. A shantyboat is built simple and cheap. There are no curved lines in *Serenity*. None! Only four tools are needed in construction, four straight cuts make the topside planks, everything comes from the lumberyard or hardware store. No stainless steel, epoxy, carbon fiber, dacron, nylon, or any overpriced "marine" things need apply.

I could go on and on but I think readers has gotten the message by now. I really wish Mr. Tilley had been a little more fair in his evaluation of my beloved *Build Serenity! - The Slowest Boat Afloat!!* We authors and boat designers really think about our boats as if they were our flesh and blood children. We hate to see them maligned or ill treated by people who don't really share our affection for them.

*Build Serenity! - The Slowest Boat afloat!!* is still available from the address below for only \$29.95. It is really a 161 page, step by step PLAN that will enable anyone (and I do mean ANYONE!!), even someone whose woodworking experience is limited to chopping wood for the fireplace, to build a truly unique and very special minihouseboat/shantyboat. Satisfaction is guaranteed!! If you think Mr. Tilley is right after you get the book simply return in and I will refund your money, no

questions asked.

I will be happy to discuss any of these points with Mr. Tilley or any other reader.

Bill Foden, 2556 Mart Ave., Vineland, New Jersey 08361, (609) 692-2039, <bfoden@aol.com>

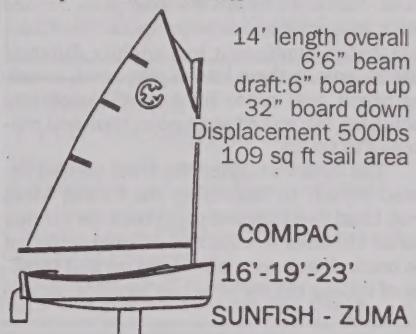
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*Houseboats and Houseboating*, Ed. Albert B. Hunt, Forest and Stream Publishing, New York, 1905

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Sea Pearl rests while *Chipeta* milks the last of a dying breeze.

## Starvation

By Jim Thayer

Forsaking Utah Lake after two years of bugs and scooters, the Intermountain gang gathered at Starvation Reservoir in the lonely reaches of eastern Utah, an area marketed as Dinosaur Land. "The dinosaurs can have it" would be the reaction of most urban types, but it's quite attractive to devotees of sand and sage. Regardless, the water is as good as anywhere.

We arrived Friday afternoon to find Steve Axon, Salt Lake beach cruising guru, settled into a snug spot amid the junipers. The Colorado distaff contingent had slightly different criteria, among them lots of play sand, a wading beach, and room for a newfangled bug enclosure. We staked out a good spot and proceeded to set up.

The squaws tackled the tents while I devoted myself to launching the Grand Mesa fleet. I had two Limpets piggyback on a trailer and an Urbanna Rocket and a canoe on top of the truck. I was soon all rigged up and thinking of sailing but the new bug pavilion was an "all hands" project.

*Chipeta*, left, has lower, slower boom.

With Susan, the project leader, reading directions and a hand at each corner with pipe people in between, we soon had it erected. We barely had time to stand back and admire it when a gust of wind turned it up on one corner and destroyed the plastic gismo that holds the tubes. Susan was crestfallen. With the plastic fished and the corners well guyed, the thing withstood the onslaughts of the elements for the rest of the weekend.

Janis and I took a nice sail after supper with just the right sort of breeze. I was dismayed to find that the CB trunk leaked. While I happily support many wooden boat traditions, I would rather forego the leaky trunk.

I had been underneath the boat putting in the screws (drywall) to hold the trunk when the gang came to help carry her out the night before leaving for Starvation. I guess I didn't put in enough.

Saturday morning, while the slugabeds were still pounding their ears, I took the rocket out for a long pull around our end of the lake. There's nothing like a good row before break-

fast, especially if it's a bit cool. I left the boat at Steve's landing so he could try a real pulling boat.

After breakfast I careened the Limpet and worked on the screws, which cured the problem. While thus engaged, Steve came rowing up with a load of driftwood. He assured us that the prohibition against wood gathering did not apply to driftwood. Sounded reasonable.

The new Limpet (Mark III) had been built over the winter in the living room of a remodeling project at 13C *Chipeta* to prove the plans before putting them on sale. I also made a video of the process. As we set the boat on top of old number one (Mark II went to England), it dawned on me that the boat should be named *Chipeta* after her birthplace as well as a revered Ute Indian lady. We'll call her *Chipeta* from now on.

Since Steve was at hand, we decided to give the Limpets a little run. Steve took the old boat and Janis and I piled into *Chipeta*. The old boat seemed to have the edge, but I laid it to having two people in *Chipeta*. The wind fell light and we went ashore.

Soon two new vehicles stirred the dusty access road. Turned out to be Dewitt Smith of flying Blivet fame and Mike Ballamis, a Moondance man. Unaccountably, neither brought a boat. Stark boat naked they were.

Before long, son Steven showed up with a Wee Punkin in the back of his pickup and Tanner, a two-year-old sand pail engineer, in the car seat. For the rest of the weekend Tanner and 5-year-old Jessie were inseparable and immensely busy.

After lunch there was breeze and talk of doing some real sailing. It was decided to mount an expedition in search of the mouth of the Deschesne River somewhere in the wilds to westward. Steve and Mike took the Sea Pearl and were the official photo boat. Dewitt drew *Chipeta* and Janis and I took old Numero Uno. We weren't seriously racing, just sloping along being reasonably competent. First one was ahead and then the other with no obvious advantage.

It was a dead run most of the way, which is not much of a test. Dewitt was due back in SL by supper time so we turned back, our quest for the delta of the Deschesne unfulfilled.

I never fail to be surprised at the strength of the breeze when coming on the wind after a long run. It was blowing 12-15, which doesn't sound like much but is a goodly breeze.



in a small boat.

It was hard on the wind all the way back and we managed to pull out a good lead on *Chipeta*. It wasn't until Steve sent the photos that I realized that the booms on the two boats were set up quite differently. Undoubtedly differences in rig tuning were more significant than variations in hull shape.

That evening we had a modest campfire with our driftwood and some scraps that Mike had brought along. Steve had a bottle of Grateful Red that wasn't up to previous examples. He concluded that it doesn't travel well. Mike regaled us with tales of his youth as a long-haired weirdo.

Sunday dawned bright with a crisp breeze. It was a perfect day to get some video of the new boat in action. Steven sailed her around while I tried to hold the camera steady. Got some good footage, but the telephoto shots are a little shaky. It continued to breeze up when my snorter let go with a bang. The lashing at the mast, four turns of parachute cord, had let go. Too much UV. It pays to check these things at the start of the season.

While drifting ashore, I noticed that Steven was making some strange maneuvers. We found him down the beach aways holding a rudderstock that had snapped right off. That does it! Solid wood from now on. (See *Boats*, May 1, 1998).

After lunch it was time to load up and get back to the real world. All agreed it was a fine weekend, and we'll give it another go next May.



Sea Pearl, end of a perfect day.

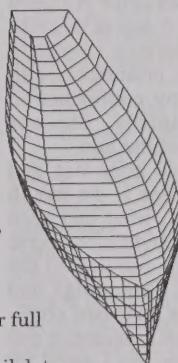
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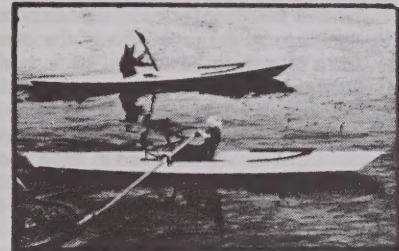
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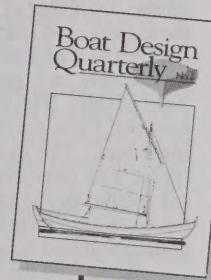
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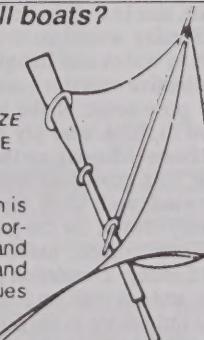
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I haven't built my big boat yet, but the urge to cruise won't wait. I sail a 12' vessel, an O'Day Widgeon of uncertain vintage, as sweet a small sailing craft as you will find in fiberglass. But, like a true believer whose certainty is disturbed by the seepage of doubt through cracks, my faith in sailing as the ultimate panacea had been tested by the sameness of day sailing, by the repetition of the commute from launch to beach and back again against the tide, and even by the endless sun-drenched soporific laps around Sandy Point. I wanted to go somewhere, and spend days doing it. I had been privileged to have been asked along as crew on ocean-going yacht deliveries, and now that my captain was on to doing other things, it was up to me.

Therefore, I began to outfit *Dandelion*, so named because she is yellow with gray sails blown away by the wind, for coastal camp cruising. I made a two-part tent from blue poly tarp, the section aft of the mast a pup tent, and the forward part custom sewn to wrap around the mast and back to the shrouds and curved to fit around the bow. The two parts are connected with Velcro, and all is held in place by grommets fitted over dowel pegs tapered slightly with a pencil sharpener and fitted into holes in the underside of the rail. It was the end of the summer last year that I went out to test it on an overnight. The night was clear but windy, and I put up the bow section to break the wind and lay back to watch the stars until my glasses misted over.

This year it had been my plan to do a Connecticut coastal cruise, downwind as gentlemen would have it, from the Thimble Islands in Branford, down east through several leisurely days and gunkhole anchorages to finish at my favorite starting point, the Barn Island launch in Stonington. Preparations being the melange that they are, there was a sense of trepidation. Would the boat, loaded down with provisions, be as sprightly as she ordinarily is with just myself and a few supplies, or would she ignominiously swamp the first time a major stinkpot went by generating a wake far taller than my freeboard? It became obvious that a short but potentially brutal shakedown cruise was the answer to my questions.

I decided to start out from Stonington and head as far west as I could get in a day, anchor for the night, and return the next day. The logic behind that itinerary was that westward is usually upwind, and would thereby subject me to the rigors of a beat first off. If things became unmanageable I could turn tail and run back. Adding to the self-imposed challenges of this shakedown cruise was the imperative of doing it on a Sunday and Monday in early August, due both to schedule and weather.

Sunday would be the usual traffic jam, awash in wakes and fraught with the dangers of inattentive operators, and would thus effectively pose some of the severest challenges known to those who ply protected waters in small boats. Monday, on the other hand, would be far less crowded, still sunny, probably downwind, and, if all went well, a fine and leisurely reward for the previous day's work.

I was rigged, loaded and launched by 1300 Sunday. *Dandelion* plopped off her tilt-trailer and sat well on her lines for the load, only a little down in the bow. The 130 pounds of movable ballast to be positioned aft had yet to park the car and climb aboard. We were off in 7 gusting to 11 on tacks out of Little

## Shakedown Cruise

By Ross Miller

Narragansett Bay. I stayed north of the channel, which resembled I-95 in slow motion. Nearing the neck of the channel, where it narrows around the northwest end of Sandy Point, we encountered our first major stinkpot. A sport fisherman as tall as it was long, came rumbling around the corner pushing a 3' wake. The beach was lined with small motorboats, and a cry arose from their owners lounging there as his wake threw bows heavenward and dragged anchors toward shore. There was no sailboat bias there, and when the police boat pulled out from among them, lights flashing, a cheer arose as the monster was detained.

I survived his wake and many more as I tacked outside the channel and through the neck into a not-so-flat dead calm. Oars were deployed with disappointing results, and I don't know whether that was due to the load or the combination of load, current, wakes, chop, and the backwind main tied off with a preventer to keep it from whacking my head. I suspect that once she gets going in smooth water she will carry better. Lightly loaded, *Dandelion* rows almost effortlessly with her centerboard dropped just a bit to make her track.

Breaking out the oars always seems to arouse a whisper of a breeze, making me put them away, and I tacked once again across the channel as it picked up, and then I was off on a westward tack past Stonington Harbor toward Mystic. The wind was blowing steadily now and I was playing the main, contemplating a reef. The incessant stream of stinkpot traffic was providing plenty of wake to test our mettle, and as I crossed over Noyes Shoal the confusion from the wakes and the current chop combined was prodigious.

It required the kind of concentration that it takes to ski moguls, but we came through with no more than a few slopes of water over the rail. I had always considered the Widgeon to be a seaworthy boat, but it was at this moment, loaded down and charging resolutely upwind toward a destination, presumably with a bone in her teeth, that my confidence in *Dandelion* increased measurably. She was indeed *dent de lion*, "tooth of the lion."

Perhaps I should have gone out and around Ram Island, which lies at the mouth of the Mystic River, but the wind had been ratcheting up as I progressed, and such a course would have required tacking out toward the wind tunnel between the Dumplings and Fisher's Island. Despite my increased confidence in the boat, too much confidence can bring on nasty repercussions, and I opted for the inside route. A few tacks across Mystic Harbor always provide interesting boats to look at, and besides, I didn't want to get becalmed at the far end of a long tack toward Fisher's Island. Afternoon wears away faster in August, and I thought I ought to stay near my shore.

Tacking through Mystic Harbor, the interesting boat du jour was a 24-footer of average build with a small head-and-shoulders pilothouse built over the companionway hatch, which struck me as an interesting and economical idea. The channel out of the harbor

is narrow and threads its way through rocks, reefs, and shoals. It was short tacks for me. I couldn't stray too far on account of rocks that might threaten my centerboard.

The intrusiveness of my zig-zagging in the channel was handled in a civil fashion by all parties until I found myself closing on a 30' sailboat under power with which I had been on almost parallel courses until just moments before. I don't know how we came so close so quickly. My course was steady, and had I noticed sooner I would have tacked away, but as I peered under my sail I saw that the woman at the helm was steering to starboard, the proper direction to avoid the impending collision.

"Whatever were we thinking?" I asked, and as I was speaking she began to steer to port, right at me.

"Steer right," I said, thinking that nautical terminology might confuse the issue. "Back off on the throttle."

"Sail your own freakin' boat," she hissed as she steered away again.

Shortly thereafter another large sailboat bore down on me on a broad reach, the helmsman's vision obscured by the vast blue and yellow genniker. As we drew too close, I stood up and waved my hand with some urgency, and a passenger alerted the helm as to the imminent situation. I decided then to get a horn.

A quick look at the charts and at the height of the sun told me that an anchorage in the Poquonock River was possible. I tacked out around Groton Long Point and set a course for Pine Island Channel.

The Poquonock River is bounded on the east by the Bluff Point Coastal Preserve and by the Groton-New London Airport to the west. The DEP was not at the time engaged in slaughtering "excess" deer in the preserve, and the airport is fairly quiet after 2230, so I figured that my karma, my ass, and my ability to sleep would be safe. As I ran quietly in behind Pine Island, I saw a high-sided little white lapstrake rowboat pulled up on the beach, gracing the tip of Bushy Point. I swung around the corner of the point and into the river past two powerboats pulled up on beach and several guys standing around drinking beer in the orange evening light.

I went on by them a bit then nosed into shore and dropped the sails. I dug the folding grapnel anchor into the beach and pushed the boat out into the river far enough to stay afloat on the falling tide, then anchored the stern from the port side to hold her against the current. As I was anchoring I heard one of the beer-drinking guys ask, "So where's that chick?"

As I was furling the sails I saw a woman walking up the beach, perhaps "that chick." As she came closer I saw that she was looking good in a top and a large towel wrapped around her waist, and then I recognized her as an longtime acquaintance named Annie.

"Look who's here!?" she said.

"How ya doin'?" I replied.

"Getting ready to leave??"

"Just got here."

"You missed the sun. "

"Not really. I've come from Stonington and I'm here for the night."

I explained how this was my shakedown cruise, and she nodded with what appeared to be some degree of appreciation, then said she had to go back.

"Is that your rowboat out there on the

point?" I asked. She nodded affirmatively.

"Well, see you later."

"Bye."

Her departure was filled by the sound of the beer-drinkers saying their farewells to each other. One of them was on foot with his dog, a young exuberant Labrador. Despite being called, the dog made a point of frolicking in the shallows, knowing that to leave was to return home to the old rug and boredom. Numerous appeals to his name were fruitless, so the human resorted to subterfuge. "Horseflies and jellyfish," the human cried, "Horseflies and jellyfish!" The dog, thinking it was in for another day of adventure at the beach, joined his friend immediately, and both departed.

A few minutes later a black Brockway-style skiff came motoring my way, and I recognized its operator as the very dignified and humorous Mike Corona, another old acquaintance. He inquired as to the nature of my presence, and I once again explained my cruise. We talked about his boat, which he had recently acquired and enhanced, and we reminisced about old friends and times. As he was about to leave he became very serious.

"I want you to understand," he said, "that I own this river."

"Oh, well, yes." I said. "Do I have your permission to anchor here tonight?"

"I've been on this river since 1954, and I own this river."

"Well, I will be on my best behavior during my stay."

"Hey. Good to see you again," he said, and accelerated up the river, leaving a clean wake.

I finished furling the sails and started thinking about dinner. I had made a galley box along the lines of one suggested in *Messing About in Boats*, a toolbox with a plywood insert in place of the tray to serve as a countertop and as a restraint for the gas canister of the camp stove. Inside are pots and plates and other sundry kitchen stuff. I set this up and broke out the radio, a \$24 Emerson model with a big blue button on top that instantly tunes you to the NOAA weather frequency. After a check of that I listened to *A Prairie Home Companion*.

Dinner was risotto-in-a-box with a chicken breast from the night before broken up into it and steamed string beans. I was pleased to note how well the cooler, with its two big blue ice units, was doing. It was colder in there after a day in the sun than it ever is in the little defective Mexican Sears refrigerator I have at home. After Mr. Keillor's monologue and the closing tunes, I was surprised to find that WGBH from Boston came in quite well, even there at sea level, and finished dinner listening to Steve Schwartz and *Jazz From Studio Four* as I would have on any other Sunday night.

After laboriously pumping up the air mattress, I reclined for some evening jazz and cocktails and reading as the last flights roared in overhead. I was ready to sleep by 2230, but the current in the river had nearly stopped, and I stayed awake long enough to switch sides with the stern anchor when it started flowing in again. It was about the time of year for the Perseid meteor shower, and I saw one small streak before I went to sleep.

I was awakened at 0500 by no-see-ums and by the sound of large fish leaping in the river. I considered pushing out, anchoring in mid-stream and fishing, but the possibility of

success and a boat full of blood and guts dissuaded me. There were eggs for breakfast. I took a short walk with my camera in the dawn, then poached my eggs as I watched two fellows in a canoe fly-casting and drinking Heinekens.

The sun was getting hot by 0730 and my sleeping bag was drying out on the boom. There was a touch of breeze, and it was time to get things packed away and get going. On the way in I had noticed the small beach on the eastern side of the Bluff Point park. My friend Vinnie told me that he had once stopped there for a nap after going too far downwind and working very hard getting back up. I had decided to visit that beach in the morning on the way out, and that is where I headed.

I came in on a light breeze in clear water over aquatic grasses growing to the surface. It was shallow and sandy-bottomed well out, and I anchored with the stern almost touching shore. I walked up the beach and, stepping carefully between the tufts of dune grass, picked my way to the area back of the dunes. It was sandy and covered with a stiff carpet of scrubby ground pines and hardy grasses. There was a salt pond rimmed with cattails and large brilliant pink flowers and overflowing with mosquitoes.

I had walked around Bluff Point for years, but I had never stumbled across this part in any of my land-based excursions. I followed the path for a while up the cove, then retreated from the mosquitoes and soothed the itching with a swim in the shallow, cool, jellyfish-free water. Little green crabs investigated my feet as I sponged the muck from the river off *Dandelion*'s sides.

I raised sails and made for the first buoy off of Groton Long Point in a dying breeze. I ghosted by it and past two guys anchored and fishing who looked as if they could no more understand what I was doing than I could understand why they were drinking beer in the hot sun. We waved amiably, and I inched along. By the second buoy I could see that the tide had ceased its ebbing, and soon the house on Fisher's Island that had been passing the Intrepid Rock buoy began falling behind it, as was I. I have been becalmed and have made negative progress before, and I am always patient as I bake and sweat and read and fidget.

In this case I was concerned, though, as Groton Long Point had been in the news lately with respect to its "parking for residents only" policy. I was afraid that if I remained parked too long here off the shore of this "exclusive community," a patrol boat from "The Association" might come out and cite me for an infraction. My patience was also tried by the sight of boats moving along with full sails farther out in Fisher's Island Sound. I could see the dark surface of the water where there was wind, and it was far from me.

I took out the bamboo flute and played "The Water is Wide" in hopes of whistling up a breeze. This had worked for me before, and I started to take out an oar, too, to enhance the magic. Soon the darker water came nearer, and I played "Moment's Notice" to ready myself, then stowed the flute. First a breath, then a puff, and we were off on a broad reach toward Ram Island.

Sneaking a look at the chart I determined that there was no impediment to crossing Ram Reef since I was before the wind with the centerboard mostly up. I would duck around the

south end of the island and anchor in the lee for a lunch of smoked gouda and crackers. There was a steep chop for a few hundred yards as the current fought the wind over the shallows, but we had been through worse. This was downhill.

After lunch I looked east and thought I could discern Stonington Point, my next destination. Not being entirely sure, though, I checked the chart and found that a course of 92 degrees would put me between the breakwaters and in a position to re-enter Little Narragansett Bay. No sooner had I weighed anchor and resumed a roaring broad reach than I felt the sudden urge for privacy. Privacy is a concept best measured relative to the power of nearby binoculars, and although the waters weren't too crowded, I was hesitant about attempting such an indelicate maneuver perched atop a bucket, hove-to in 2' waves, whether anyone was watching or not.

I trimmed the appropriate sheets and sailed on. Pressing matters were forgotten as the sheer beauty of the homeward broad reach brought on and sustained a state that Zen masters spend their lives looking for. *Dandelion* was indeed a cruising boat.

I sailed back inside Sandy Point, found a semi-secluded spot to anchor, threw up the tent, achieved privacy, then swam, read, and napped. When the sun began to sink and grow yellow, I slipped across the bay and back to the boat launch. At the ramp there was a couple rigging a Laser for an after-work sail. He asked what kind of boat mine was.

"An O'Day Widgeon," I said, "an old one."

"Looks like it does the job," she said.

"She sails beautifully."

Chichester was asked about circumnavigating, and replied something to the effect that most people go sailing for one day. He, on the other hand, went sailing for one day, then another, and then another. I had two days down and many more to go.

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We were committed. Being the last to leave, we had just locked the keys inside the vacation house. The luggage was piled on the grass under the big live oak tree that shaded the front porch of the beautiful old farmhouse on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake. My wife Julie, our dog Charo, and I had just survived a week-long family get-together with 10 adults and 9 moiling kids, and now we were ready for the long drive home. But there was one last task to perform, the *Drascombe* longboat was lying peacefully at the mooring and we needed to make a short, one-mile cruise to the boat ramp where our Jeep and boat trailer were waiting for us. Since we had deposited the car there earlier in the day, *The Drascombe* was our only way home.

In the 22 years that we have sailed and cruised *The Drascombe* along the coast of Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, and the Chesapeake Bay, we have only come across two other *Drascombe* owners, this at sufficient intervals that the family has affectionately named our boat *The Drascombe*. It has never seemed an odd or unusual name to us. I have recently discovered that there are thousands of other *Drascombes* out there, so I am forced to concede that we should probably come up with a more original name, but after living with her for all of those years it is just too late. Regardless of what is painted on the transom, she will always be *The Drascombe* to us!

We were suffering from those end-of-vacation-blues, fondly recalling our week's adventures as we walked across the shady lawn towards the creek. I am sure everything would have been OK if we had just waited an hour for those incredibly dense, dark, ominous clouds to blow over. The infamous summer squalls in the Chesapeake do not usually last more than an hour, and we could have easily waited it out on the front porch.

But we didn't. We had a schedule to make and, after all, it was only a mile to the boat ramp. I guessed that we had at least a half an hour before all hell broke loose and there was a steady 20-knot breeze on our beam that would get us there in 15 minutes under jib and mizzen alone. So we piled into the boat, cast off, unfurled the sails, and breezed out of the mooring into the main body of the creek.

Everything would have been OK if I had gone left instead of straight. But we didn't. If we had gone left, we would have made it to the ramp with plenty of time to spare. It was one of those things where the chart says to follow the channel off to port, but you are sure that you passed that little red house on your way out last week, so you conclude that this is one of those very rare instances where the chart



## Everything Would Have Been OK

### Summer, 1995

By Frank San Miguel

is incorrect. We passed the little red house and flew on down the channel. By this time the wind had picked up quite a bit, so we furled the jib entirely and were making a good 4 knots with mizzen alone, the wind at our backs.

The west side of the creek was as dark as night while the east side was bright and cheery. It was beginning to thunder, the wind was getting to be a bit noisy, and the boat was cutting a great bumpy swath through the short chop. This didn't sit well with Charo, who is generally a nervous wreck in any car going over 20 mph, and cowers under the dinner table when the neighborhood kids light a firecracker. She would have been miserable in the safety of the house, but out on *The Drascombe* she was simply inconsolable.

When we reached the end of the creek and found no boat ramp, I realized that I had goofed and carefully explained to Julie all of the problems associated with trusting inaccurate charts. The summer squall was in full force now. The cold, sharp rain raised a mist off of the warm water, and the flying foam made it difficult to keep our eyes open. We were bearing down upon the shore at full speed with only 10% of our normal sail area. The creek ended in a "Y" shape, with a little rock-strewn headland that was flanked on either side by two small inlets housing marinas and docks. I headed to port, feeling this was the most promising spot to ride out the squall.

Everything would have been OK if I had just maintained our course. But I didn't. Upon closer inspection I decided the marina to starboard looked more appealing, so I put the helm over leaving us on a heading that brought the wind on our beam. The mizzen sail snapped over to port like a whip. Unfortunately I had changed my mind too late, because we immediately lost headway and started drifting directly downwind towards that little headland.

The mizzen was simply not enough sail to carry the boat on a beam reach. Those little rocks seemed more important than they had a moment ago. I realized I had goofed, so I ran forward and threw out our reliable Danforth anchor into five feet of water and prayed that she would hold. We jerked to a stop with about 100 yards to spare, and the anchor held! I ran aft and unstepped the mizzen mast (it just lifts out of the mast step) and used it to make a sort of rain tarp for Julie and Charo. The thunder and lightning was more or less continual at this point, as was Charo's forlorn, high-pitched moans.

We sat there, in the driving rain for about ten minutes. Our anchor was holding, but I couldn't stop thinking about the rocks. I became convinced that *The Little Headland* had hatched an evil plot to destroy *The Drascombe* and its contents. As it turned out, everything would have been OK if I had just stayed put, because the anchor was dug deep into thick sucking mud. But I didn't.

I could sense *The Little Headland* was planning something, so I had to act, and act fast! I convinced Julie to go forward and haul

the anchor while I started our trusty little British Seagull outboard motor. The motor started up on the first pull and Julie started hauling in the anchor line. I was afraid the Seagull wouldn't have enough power to overcome the incredible force of the wind, but I need not have worried. In fact, we drove right over the anchor and line, which Julie had been unable to extract from that thick sucking mud. I realized I had goofed, so I told Julie to pull hard, but she didn't really need my encouragement and the thick sucking mud remained victorious. Since our Seagull has two speeds, on and off, I gave up and turned the motor off, assuming that we weren't going anywhere soon.

This turned out to be a dubious assumption, because as the boat drifted back toward *The Little Headland*, the anchor line got wrapped around the half-lowered centerboard, dragging us in such a way that we were riding broadside to the howling wind. Charo was also howling. The force of the wind was heeling the boat to an uncomfortable degree, and I realized that *The Thick Sucking Mud* was engaged in an epic struggle with *The Little Headland* for control of *The Drascombe*. Each steep, foamy little wave shook and slapped *The Drascombe* and added to the already considerable din of thunder, wind, rain, rocks, and dog.

I realized I had goofed, so I jumped overboard and dove beneath the hull to see if I could free the anchor line. Neither Julie nor Charo thought this was a good idea, but I couldn't hear their complaints. The cacophony of the squall above was gone, replaced by the steady thumping of the hull against the waves. I pulled and tugged on the rope, but the tension was too great to clear the tangle from underneath the hull, so I returned to the surface clamor. I finally got the line free by placing my hands on the heaving gunwale and working the anchor line free with my feet. With the anchor line free of the centerboard, the boat began its drift back towards *The Little Headland*. I pulled myself inboard and prayed that *The Thick Sucking Mud* would keep its hold.

Of course I was certain all of that hull slapping and wave bumping had shaken our anchor loose and *Headland* would finally prevail over *Mud*. I don't know whether everything would have been OK if we had stayed, but for me things had gotten personal. I resolved to make one more escape attempt. Somehow I got the Seagull started again and the anchor free of the *Mud*. With all possible speed, we angled away into the small inlet to starboard of *The Little Headland* and found ourselves in a perfectly protected anchorage.

Outside, the squall still raged, but as we dropped anchor I could sense that we were safe because the pitch and volume of Charo's howling had noticeably moderated. Two amused watermen watched us from the shelter of their boathouse as we cowered under our little sail. I wondered if they had been watching from shore the whole time.

The squall was completely gone within 15 minutes. By the time we had backtracked to the boat launch, the sun was shining and the birds were chirping. Charo, who is usually so nervous in a car that her panting fogs the windows, slept the entire three hour drive home. Our windows did fog up, however, because the Jeep, having been left top down, was completely soaked, and our bags, piled neatly in front of the house, were completely waterlogged.

# Sailing a Canoe for Pleasure in Southwest Florida

By Bob Halsey

Reprinted from *Canoe Sailor*.

## Sailing Around the Barrier Islands

Some of these islands have become peninsulas because developers have built causeways to them. From where I am in North Naples, it is only a mile to a launch ramp in Delmor-Wiggins State Park. I buy a pass good for a year, then I can launch as many times as I wish at no additional charge. The ramp is on the inner Bay. To the south, I can sail the man-made channels for over a mile among the condos and million dollar homes along Vanderbilt Bay. If I sail to the north, I cross Turkey Bay, a shallow bay with a dredged channel through it, and on the northerly through the "Engineer's Channel" to the confluence of the Cocohatchee River and Wiggin's Pass to the Gulf of Mexico.

From the Pass there, miles and miles of white sand beaches lie to the north and to the south. While sailing in these channels, I have to consider the tide, especially when the wind is light. When tacking against the wind, I must try to keep out of the way of many motor vessels, as well as the wind shifts that are normal around tree-lined shores. It is good sailing practice.

When I reach the point of the confluence of the channel and Wiggin's Pass, I have a choice, go out to the Gulf, continue north on the inner waterway towards Bonita, or usually I turn east up the Cocohatchee River, a typical tidal river. In this area around the Pass I will usually see some dolphins, lots of brown pelicans, as well as lots of wading birds. About 3/4 of a mile up the river are some condo towers and yacht docks at Vanderbilt Drive (a main road north out of Naples). The clearance under this bridge is about 14'. I have to consider the tide. If the tide is high, I must be prepared to lower the gaff of my ACA rig to clear the bridge as I sail under it.

East of the bridge, the river widens. On the left are condos and boat docks; on the right, a wild mangrove swamp. I continue east about a half-mile, then turn south and westerly across a shallow bay. I continue southerly through smaller bays and into a winding mangrove-lined creek. With mangroves all around, I could be in the Everglades except I can hear the cars on Vanderbilt Drive. The channel narrows and winds, west, north, west, south, east, north, and west.

Eventually, I have to paddle, as the wind is cut off or too variable. I sometimes anchor and enjoy the sense of quiet remoteness. The channel works towards the west. At one point, there is an oyster bar in a narrow part of the creek which forms a small tidal rapid at times. At low tide don't try it. The oysters can really gouge a hull. A few hundred feet beyond the oyster bar is Vanderbilt Drive again. Here the bridge is only four or five feet above the water, so I take down the sail and mast and paddle under the busy Vanderbilt Drive. I doubt anybody knows I am there, the trees are so close.

I paddle on westerly winding south, north, west. I have seen herons, kingfishers, otters, osprey, an eagle, and wading birds in this area. Eventually, I can put the sail up again and I sail out into the east side of Turkey Bay. I must sail around the shoal spots in Turkey Bay. I sail a little south of west across the Bay back to the launch ramp at Wiggins Park. The whole trip may take a couple of hours.

## The 45th Mug Race in a Sailing Canoe

Last year I said I did not think I would ever try to do the Mug race again. It was so exhausting for a fellow my age. Well, as the time approached for the race, I got spring fever and decided to get ready to do it, IF the weather seemed favorable.

Well, Saturday morning was a nice day, not too hot, a west by south breeze, and no storms predicted. It was a 9:00 AM start. We were up before 6:00. We had to drive 40 miles to the launch. I put in on the east side at a fishing pier by the bridge, really to escape the jam of boats, 185, putting out from the west side. I was in the water before 8:30 and arrived on the start line in plenty of time. I started near windward mark and sailed a port tack about three miles to the first turn of the river, then about 3.5 miles with the wind behind me. I got my jib out wing and wing and stayed to the north side of the river to escape the wind shadow of overtaking cruisers, then headed northeast about two miles, then about four miles northerly.

The wind was more variable and died off at times. I had a chart and checked my speed to marks on the route. I figured I should make about 4 mph to finish in time. So far I was making about 5 mph. I sailed this northerly course about 6 miles, then sailed about 8 miles a little west of north by making good all I could to windward. I sailed all on port tack to Bayard Point then headed north northwesterly towards the bridge at Green Cove Springs. We are to use the center span through the bridge. But now the wind is backing to northwest, so, we have to tack to windward. Of course, just as I get lined up and tack for the bridge, a large cruiser comes up on a starboard tack. I have to tack back until he tacks for the bridge.

On the north side of the bridge for about 4 miles we had variable headwinds almost up to Noble Enge's place. He was out mowing the lawn as I went by. The wind then went westerly and we had some strong gusts. I got tired and one gust caught me. It put the lee rail under for a little, but she came up into the wind. I escaped with an inch or so of water. It got quite gusty the last 10 miles to the turning buoy on the west side of the river near the Route 295 bridge. By then the wind built to about 25 mph.. I had to jibe and sail downwind about 3 miles to the finish boat. I thought to myself, "you are too tired," so I made a "chicken jibe," turning to windward. Now comes the worst and scariest part. I was flying along and the seas were getting big (2-3'). As you know, sailing a canoe downwind is most unstable. I had to really concentrate to keep upright.

As I surfed down some of the waves, the water would creep over the bow. About a couple hundred feet from the finish, a small wind shift jibed the sail across. I caught it OK and it helped because I was able to head up a

little towards the finish buoy. The finish boat shot off the cannon when I finished, instead of the horn they used for other boats.

Then I had to beat back through the seas to the center of the bridge and dodge rescue operation on a catamaran which had capsized and bent his mast. At least the north side of the 295 bridge didn't have the big seas. But, I had to beat into the Rudder Club harbor, where helping hands helped me get the boat up on the beach. It took about 8-1/2 hours on the course, probably 10 hours on the water. I easily got first place in my class, Open Monohull C Class, on corrected time. They all gave me a standing ovation at the awards ceremony.

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The concept for the design originated from a drawing by Edwin Monk ca 1934. Originally it was designed for pine planks over sawn oak frames with a spoon shaped bow and cross planked bottom. I redesigned the original skiff for construction in plywood. The sheer is very similar to the original but the bow is raked and my plywood version is much lighter.

This boat will handle a small outboard motor of around 2hp-3hp, which is sufficient for its intended use as a tender. However, I would rather row this boat. It has a bit of rocker near the stern that allows the hull to slip through the water with little effort.

The sailing version uses a simple sprit rig and a daggerboard. This allows fast and easy rigging.

The Sagamore Tender's simple design allows for fast and easy construction by even the first time boat builder. The construction method employed is what may be considered traditional in the modern sense of plywood construction techniques. The good news is that almost anyone with a little wood working experience can build the boat right from the Large Scale Plans (\$50). There's no lofting, strongback, sta-

## How to BUILD THE SAGAMORE TENDER



By Paul Bennett

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Beam: 3'11.5"  
Weight: Approximately 80lbs  
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Maximum Horsepower: 3hp

tion molds or forms. My estimate for building time is about a weekend for an experienced woodworker to cut out and assemble the bare hull. Those without much experience with woodworking tools may just take an extra weekend or two.

You can use AC/exterior plywood and galvanized fastenings if you want to build the Sagamore Tender for very little money, but I don't recommend it. The labor you expend will be the same but you'll find that the cheaper material does not finish as easily or as well. For just a few dollars more spent on better materials you'll make a world of difference in the finished boat.

My building instruction book *How to Build the Sagamore Tender* (\$15) takes you step by step through building to launching the Sagamore Tender in a minimal amount of time with basic hand tools.

In our Sagamore Tender Kit (\$395) we've cut out the plywood panels, saving you a great deal of time. The kit includes large-scale plans, materials list, *How to Build the Sagamore Tender* book, and marine fir plywood panels. You supply lumber for remaining components, hardware, fasteners and epoxy.

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## How I Became a Boatbuilder

By Robb White

I guess my father started me off. He was a boat fiend and a writer, a good writer who wrote books about boats and people who built boats. I read them when I was little and got so enthusiastic that I couldn't help myself.

It is easy to train eager children. All you have to do is make them like to do something and then marvel at them when they do a good job. It has to be the real thing though, you can't fool yourself into thinking that your children like something just because you want them to, and you can't fool *them* into thinking that you are really marveling when actually you are a little disappointed. My father had the formula down perfectly.

First, he would write a good book about boats and children and send it off to the publisher. When the check came, he would take off on a long trip to find something else to write about and spend the money. I would stay home and read the book and build me a boat so I could be like the kids in the book. After a while, he would come home and marvel at the boat that I had built. He would marvel in earnest too, not because the boat was so wonderful, but just because I had built it. He couldn't build any kind of a boat himself, and it made him marvel to see a ragged-assed little thing floating in the pond on our place. The reason he couldn't build boats (he was a pretty good house carpenter) was because he couldn't sharpen edged tools, not to save his life, but he could write and he could marvel.

I can remember my first edged tool perfectly, I have it in my tool cabinet beside my big English slick in case I need it. Its little blade is just about worn half in two. They called it a "Christy" knife, and I guess the name was copyrighted. It had one little limber blade that slid back into the little steel wire handle when you worked this little button with your fingernail. It wasn't much, but it was marvelous in my hands. I was just a little pre-school kid when one of my uncles sent it to me for Christmas during World War II. Momma quickly slipped out the back door with it as soon as she could and dulled it on the brick steps so I wouldn't cut the fool out of myself.

Little did she know that I watched the

process carefully from the bushes. As soon as she was through and I had my knife and a little privacy, I rapidly ground the edge right back on it on the very same brick. I cut down 50 feet of Pittisporum hedge the first day, wore a regular groove in that brick. When my father came home from the war, he just marveled.

By then, I was a filthy-footed, gritty little boy. I stayed so dirty that people in my family wouldn't let me in the house except for occasions special enough to wash me off out on the steps. I used to have to eat my dinner on the steps with my brick, but the knife in my pocket was so sharp that if you felt the edge it would make you feel kind of sick. The men that worked on the place used to bring strangers to see me and make me show them my Christy knife. First the visitor would look at it and laugh, then he would feel the little worn blade. I tried to teach my father how to sharpen. He couldn't seem to get the knack, thought it must be the brick.

He went to the hardware store and bought the biggest and best double sided Norton stone they had (12" by 3", I still have it, worn almost in half). It was much quicker than the brick, but the results were the same. I could but he couldn't. I sent him a "Lansky" device just before he died, but I guess he was too old and shaky by then because it didn't work either. If he hadn't discovered Exacto knives back in the '50s, he would have been helpless. I wish he could have seen all these disposable blade things they have now.

So I built a bunch of boats when I was a child by the chopping, carving, and nailing method. I used plain old black tar to caulk them with, and they made me wash off with kerosene before I could come in the house to sleep. The smell of kerosene still makes me feel adventurous, even after 50 years.

I took down the whole chicken house for lumber, probably 2000 or 3000 board feet of virgin cypress five-quarter by twelves, a pretty good resource, if you ask me. I chopped stems out of firewood with a five pound ax (a sharp five pound ax is a useful tool). Every now and then, one of those old water logged, flat bottomed boats will fill with methane from the

bottom and ooze to the surface of one of the ponds on the place for a little while.

My granddaughter will show her little friend, "My granddaddy built that when he was a little boy." "Yeah? But, what is it?" It will let out a big poof of pond gas and settle to the bottom for another 50 years. The little girls will stand on the dam and marvel. One of those old boats is the nucleus of a two acre floating island in the biggest pond. Not long ago, I tried to rob some of the wood off it but it was grown in so tight with willow roots that I couldn't. Besides, an alligator tried to eat me while I was out there.

After I grew up (sort of), I joined the Navy so I could see about some bigger and better boats. Sure as hell, they stationed me in Puerto Rico on shore duty. I was disappointed at first, but my ramblings soon disclosed that I had been dumped right in the middle of the masters of the chopping, carving, and nailing boatbuilding method. When all the other fellas at the Naval Station jumped in the publico and headed for the museums and art galleries on Luna Street in San Juan, I jumped on my motor scooter and went to the little town on the water right close to the Naval Station where the masters were.

I had been introduced to this little town by my Mexican roommate when I was a mess cook. He was always broke from sending money home to his family in Mexico and didn't have the publico fare to San Juan. He still liked to hang around the museums and art galleries, so he took me and my little leftover money to this little bar in this little town within long walking distance of the gate. I sat at the bar and nursed my tiny Corona (Puerto Rican Corona, different from the high-priced Mexican import so popular with the yuppies not long ago) while he tried to talk a little noise to the young girls and their duenas. I soon got bored with that and went outside. This bar was built right exactly on the water's edge. Moored 15 feet from the juke box, shining in the neon lights, was the prettiest sailboat I ever saw in my limited life. I came back in the daytime.

I was a real young looking innocent little fella back then, and the old lady at the bar liked me fine. Soon I had interrogated out the facts about the boat in my pitiful Spanish. It belonged to Julio, he had built it right beside the bar, and he was right out there this minute building another one. I went straight to see what was what, and sure enough, there was Julio with some other men sitting on some logs playing dominos. There was the beautiful skeleton of a boat standing with its stern post almost in the water on some little posts. I, with my flat bottomed experience, marveled.

Julio was not impressed with me. Neither were his friends. I had the feeling that they had seen all the young sailors they wanted to, but I couldn't bring myself to leave. I sort of hung around and looked at the boats, the water, and the side wall of the bar against which they peed. The domino game went on until dark and some beer and some little bowls of something that smelled real, real good came from the bar. I decided to go inside and try to find the source, and I did.. It was some rice with beans and some kind of gravy on top. I thought that it was the best thing I ever ate in my life, and I vowed to stay in Puerto Rico forever and learn how to play dominoes.

To make a long story short, I hung around the bar all the time. Finally Julio grudgingly allowed me to step and fetch from the bar and

The boats of Puerto Rico were inside ballasted sloops built sort of like the boats of the Bermuda, the Bahamas, Cuba, and the Caribbean. The frames were chopped from the little madiera mahogany trees that are becoming so scarce now on the islands. Even in the '50s, black mangrove was substituted, particularly for repairs. The boats were very long lasting, although it was sort of like the story about George Washington's ax. Some of them had had three new sets of planking and two sets of frames. The deadwood and transoms of boats that I saw were always very dense Caribbean pitch pine (*Pinus elliotti*, variety, *densa*), and some of those parts seemed very old indeed.

By the time I came along, all of the fishermen used outboard motors, but most of them kept the old sails and rudders for their boats in the house in case of hard times. Though the only sailing Puerto Rican boats that I saw, except for the *Nueva Eva*, were big schooners on their last legs and a few little builders toys like Julio's own little boat moored off the bar, they all had been sailboats or were built like sailboats. There is deep water all around Puerto Rico, and fishing there is an open sea proposition. Outboard motors probably made the fisherman's life a little easier, but it was no place for the cheap, flat-bottomed skiffs that took over the inshore fisheries in a lot of other places with shallow flats and bays.

These boats were all different from each other and from other Caribbean models, but they had some things in common. The keel was straight on the bottom and there was very little drag to the stern. Puerto Rican boats had straight stems with a lot of rake. They had enough curvature in pro-

## Those Puerto Rican Boats

file to keep them from looking concave. The rabbet was straight. The forefoot was extremely hollow. The builders went to a lot of trouble to carve and bend the hard pine garboard stakes into as much distress as the wood could stand so as to accentuate this hollow, indeed some of the garboard stakes were split trying to do this. The splits were opened up and beveled with the tip of a machete and caulked just like any other seam. The builders tried to build a lot of flare into the bow, and the boats always had voluptuous cheeks.

One of the advantages of building by eye is that the builder can alter the shape to accommodate the tolerance of the particular boards on the job. The body of the boat had almost straight deadrise into a pretty hard bilge. Sometimes, the floors had a slight bit of hollow as the planking approached the keel, particularly in the garboard stake, but the floors were never convex. The run was very flat and the deadrise of the transom was either flat or slightly hollow. The old *Nueva Eva* would lay over and plane on this flat run, one reason for her ability to outrun the modern cruisers and day sailors at the naval station. The transoms were heart-shaped with a good rake unlike the transoms of boats from some of the former British Colonies.

The rig was an extremely long-boomed jibhead main with a small jib. The boom stuck way out behind the transom, and the first reef was just to tie this off with a lanyard. The mainsail was laced both to the boom and the mast and there was no board or club at the peak like in some island boats. The *Nueva Eva* had way more sail than any other boat I

ever saw, another reason for her success at the Naval station. I never measured anything, but her mast was tall and her boom was long.

The jib was sort of small and peaked at the mastband about a quarter of the way down the mast where the shrouds made up. Sometimes she would not come about unless we backed this jib, but the old boat could be easily balanced in any forward wind by adjusting the jib. The rudder just lollygagged behind the boat without being lashed when she was trimmed to self sail. I eyeball built a replica of her in 1965 that would do the same thing.

I believe that the longevity of these boats was due to the heart pine planking and deadwood and the single futtock, sawn madiera frames. Though the bottoms were painted a different color from the rest of the boat, copper bottom paint was not usually used. The bottom paint, usually bright blue, had a distinctive downturn of the boat top up by the stem, which accentuated the hollow forefoot. The boats were commonly pulled from the water on rollers.

When a fisherman would come in, everybody on the beach would lend a hand. It was not unusual for a helper, sort of incapacitated by age or drink, to get himself run over by the rollers in the soft coral sand. After she was out, one of the floorboards would be wedged under the rail and there she would sit on the rollers until time to go out again. The people would sit in the bar and admire her, discuss what they would do differently if they were to build themselves one, eat rice and beans, play dominoes and listen to Bobby Darin on the jukebox. Dang...the good old days!

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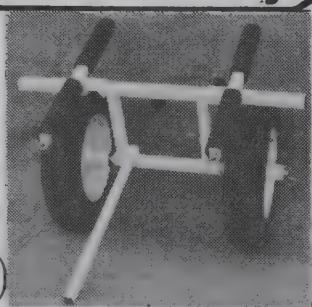
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pull and wrassle rollers when they were pulling boats out. They pulled some very big boats out right beside the bar using nothing but the same little logs that they sat on to play dominoes, a little pushing and pulling, and some discussion.

I earned myself a name because I thought if I showed them how sharp my pocket knife was, they would marvel like the people back home and let me be one of them.. They didn't marvel, but they did name me "El Cuchillo," which I took to mean "The Knife." I was so out of touch with everything else but the business beside the bar that I didn't know that Bobby Darrin had just sung that song about the other man with a knife, and that it was very popular on the juke box in the bar. Later, amid many chortles, my name was shortened to just "Mack." It was bad timing altogether.

Strong compulsions run in my family though, and I hung on through thick and thin at the bar. Things were pretty slack at the Naval Station back in the late '50s, particularly in the galley where I was still a mess cook. Mess cooks aren't real cooks, just some temporary help that other outfits send to help out, usually as a disciplinary measure. They call it KP in the Army. My tenure as mess cook wasn't because I was bad, just that I was inconvenient.

The Navy had spent a lot of money sending me through this big deal school, where I excelled, if I do say so myself, only to find, when I had to take the physical examination before I entered the swimming phase of the school at the end of the program, that I was color blind. I asked them what the hell that had to do with swimming since, as a result of my previous experience as a boatbuilder, I could swim like a fish, pulling a sunk, waterlogged cypress boat no less. They said that color blindness made it impossible for me to be what they had trained me to be. I never figured it out, and neither did the Navy. Here I knew all this secret crap and couldn't be sequestered with all the other hotshots that knew the same thing so they could keep an eye on me to be sure I wasn't playing into the hands of the Russians.

The Navy's solution to this was that I stayed a mess cook for longer than anybody else in the world while they tried to figure out what to do. I went to the doctor once a week to see if my congenital color blindness was any better or not. My solution was to buy me a motor scooter so that I could poot off to the bar where the boats were built between meals at the galley while I memorized the sequence of the cards in the Ishehara color blind test.

I got to be such a fixture down at the bar that every now and then they would let me disembark logs with a dull shovel, and maybe scrape bottom paint or unload lumber and logs if they were in a good mood. I watched everything like a hawk though and I was sure that I already had all the skill to do it, too. All I needed was to understand the method and get to where I could eyeball the shape like Julio.

They didn't have any complicated tools. Most of the cutting was done with an ax and a machete. They used an ax like a slick to back out the inside of planking. They hardly ever sawed anything. Planking was ripped from boards of resinous Caribbean pine by nicking the edge to the line with a machete and then chopping off the blocks between the nicks. Keels and all the other deadwood parts were just plain chopped out of Caribbean pine logs

with a regular chopping ax. Sometimes they would use a machete like a drawknife or a scraper to smooth something up. It is easy to get the impression that this was a slipshod business from this description, but it wasn't at all.

The boats that Julio built were beautiful. The planking was as smooth and fair as anything ever touched by sandpaper. The chopped-out madiera mahogany frames were beveled to fit the planking better than any tilting arbor bandsaw could have done it, and better than many big-name stateside yachts. They made all the hardware right on the beach out of car springs and other salvaged stuff. Some of it was sent to San Juan to be galvanized, but most of the time it went right on the boat like it came from the charcoal forge after being painted (a forge prepares steel for paint just as well as a sandblaster).

Julio could make a perfect mast band in about 15 minutes if the forge was already hot. They inlet a short piece of chain into the masthead and drove the top band down over it for a place to hook the forestay. All the shrouds were galvanized single-strand wire that they twisted into a cable. There were no turnbuckles or even lanyards. They just drove a spike between the lay of the wire and twisted the shrouds up tight. I guess that's where the term "Spanish Windlass" comes from. I have had a good many boats rigged like that since.

It is sort of nice to know that water is not freezing in your swaged fitting down at the dock in January, or that your \$50 emergency stay end fixing kit ain't still home when you are down around Cuba and one of the 19 strands of your backstay sticks its tongue out at you. There is something to be said for that kind of hardware.. Half an automobile leaf spring with the eye still on the end makes a real trustworthy chainplate.

I watched and learned a lot from Julio and the others, but I never was allowed to really participate, and they never got to see how well I could chop and carve and drive nails. I found out later that these men weren't discriminating against me because I was a sailor boy or foreigner at all. There was just a rigid tradition in their art that young poofs like me weren't allowed to touch edged tools to wood. They also believed that derision fostered the development of humility and character. I was just too young for boatbuilding, or dominoes. I should have been glad, because I found out later that I wasn't as good as I thought I was with edged tools, and the masters wouldn't have marveled at all the miss licks I made with the ax and the crossgrain splinters I pulled up with the knife and the machete.

Nothing lasts forever. After I got off mess cooking and made enough rank, I went home on leave and found out that I had become mature enough to be attractive to and attracted by the girl that used to hang around my sister when she was pre-adolescent, so I took her back to Puerto Rico with me. We bought one of Julio's oldest boats, *Nueva Eva*, 19', took it around to the Naval Station, and tied it up in the little marina that they had. Every Saturday, we would go down there and run rings around all the other boats the Naval officers had. One of them hired an architect from St. Croix to take the lines off the *Nueva Eva*, and he confided in me. "Captain Bridgers don't know it, but there are hundreds of these kinds of boats and all of them will sail like hell. I ought not to take his money, but I will."

I set up building boats in our little house on the Rio Blanco river halfway up the side of El Yunque. I didn't have the ability to find and cut the Madiera (Mahoguilla) trees for frames, and I didn't know where the keels and planking came from, so I ordered plywood through the Naval Exchange and glue and screws from Defender Industries and started building plywood boats from plans in *Science and Mechanics* when I wasn't working on secret stuff for the Navy. I sort of had a captive audience.

The Navy wouldn't ship a boat for enlisted men like they would a car or household appliances, so the only way those people at the Naval station could get a boat was from somebody like Julio or me, and Julio's boats weren't what everybody wanted. We, like so many, were infatuated with plywood boats. It was a mistake. I actually believe that the widespread acceptance of plywood as a boat building material was just as responsible for the notion that wood is not the best material for small boats as the invention of fiberglass and the development of cheap aluminum boats

My mother-in-law sent me a book by somebody named Chappelle (I still have it, worn almost in half) and I marveled. I learned to loft on the front porch of our house. I wonder if the full-sized plans of a Hampton boat aren't still under a little paint on that concrete slab. When the time came for me to get out of the Navy, I cashed in my savings and ordered a bunch of tools from Sears and Roebuck to be sent back home so I could set up shop and be a successful boatbuilder. When my wife and I got home, fiberglass was just hitting its stride and you could buy an aluminum butt-head skiff, now appropriately called a "Honkey Drownder," from the discount store for \$59.95. I wound up painting houses, working at the trailer factory, furniture factory, and all sorts of things in the early years so I could afford to build boats.

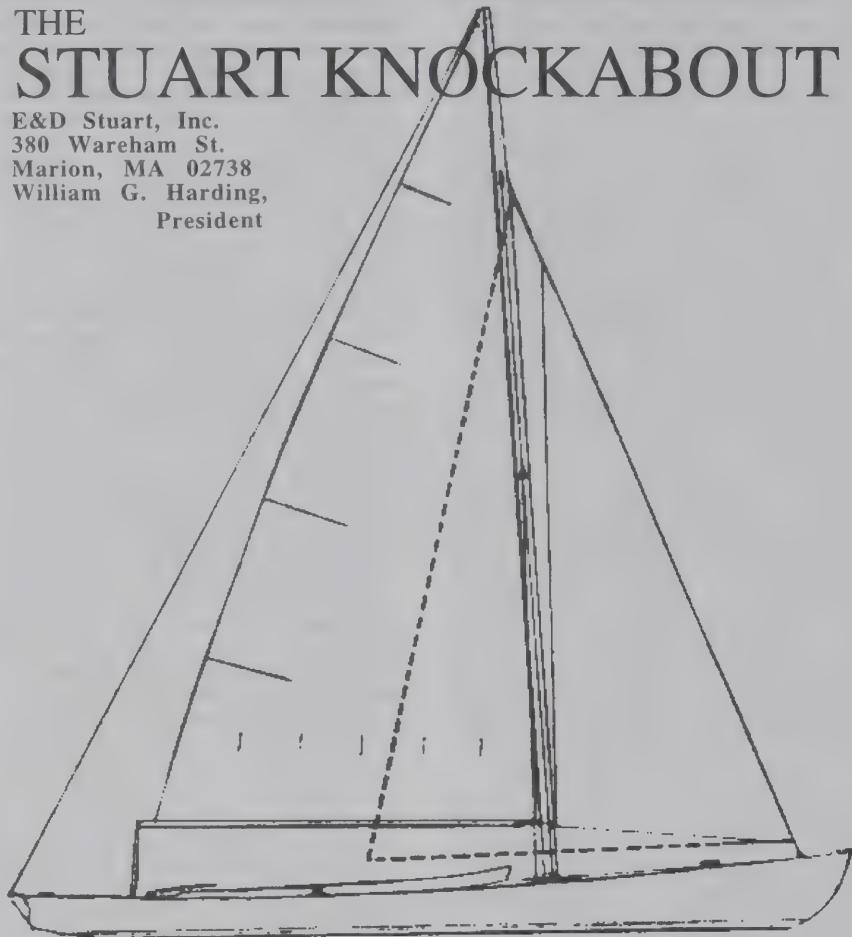
Fortunately, there were always enough customers to keep me going, if I could build the boat cheap enough. I remember building a decked, marine plywood, double-ended 16' duckboat for \$75. Years later, a man used it for the plugs (hull and deck) to make a chopper-gun fiberglass version that was pretty popular around here before they relaxed the airboat and outboard motor rules. I have talked to old boatbuilders who were put out of business by aluminum and fiberglass, and they said that it wasn't the superiority of the material that ruined the wood boat business, but the cheapness. If it hadn't been for the commercial fishermen, who have never liked fiberglass boats, let alone aluminum around here, and a few die-hard discriminating people, the wood boat business would have died completely out in the north Gulf of Mexico.

I went through all the stages: plywood (I quit that about '69 except for one or two lapses) bent-frame carver, sawed-frame extra heavy duty, strip-planked from all sorts of lumber. I built some extra light cold-moulded boats from sawed veneer and epoxy when it first came out (a nasty business). Now I build light lap-strake boats.

Did I ever go back to good old Puerto Rico to see if things were still the same? I am sort of scared to. They might put me back on mess cooking, and besides, I still don't know how to play dominoes. What happened to the girl I hauled down there and back? I still got her, worn about in half, but she is still ready to get in the boat.

# THE STUART KNOCKABOUT

E&D Stuart, Inc.  
380 Wareham St.  
Marion, MA 02738  
William G. Harding,  
President



A reproduction of the original Herreshoff 28' sloop in foam sandwich fiberglass, designed by L. Francis Herreshoff in 1932.

## Stuart Knockabout Design by L. Francis Herreshoff

L.O.A. 28'0"  
L.W.L. 22'10"  
Beam 6'11"  
Draft 2'9" - 5'6"

Displacement 4000 lbs.  
Keel Ballast 2400 lbs.  
Sail Area 265 sq. ft. (M & J)

As you prepare to board the Stuart Knockabout, your view of her deck and cockpit layout will impress you with an inviting feeling of spaciousness and security. Her deck is low to the water and her cockpit depth is ideal for comfortable sitting and walking around. Stepping from her deck down into the cockpit, or vice versa, is relatively easy.

Her cockpit is big and comfortable. You are neither perched up nor sunk down. All the vertical and athwartships dimensions are perfect. The seats are generous, flat slabs enabling you to slide around while in a sitting posture and they allow a wide variety of positions and angles, so on a long day's sail you are not cramped and have plenty of leg room. The opposing seat's edge is a good footrest when she heels, and the coaming is flared to the proper angle for a backrest. These seats are also good to stand or walk on.

With her tiller above deck, the person at the helm sits in the aft corner of the cockpit, leaving all the rest of the seating space available for other crew members. In my experience, cockpits of boats of this caliber are not so well-planned in this respect. Typically, the

rudder posts come up through the hull just forward of the aft bulkhead, with a fairly long tiller to bring the handle up to the correct height, causing the helmsman to sit forward of, or beside, the handle, so a good deal of valuable space is wasted at the aft end of the cockpit. The Knockabout's cockpit is 9-1/2' long and every bit of it is always useful.

The main sheet is a four-part tackle, double-ended to the aft corners of the cockpit, close at hand for the helmsman's quick attention. This sheeting arrangement also makes effective use of a 5' long traveler and a wide range of trimming possibilities.

One of the additions we've made to the design is a club-footed, self-tending jib. This sail sheets to a traveler designed to provide perfect sail trim when close-hauled, so there is no loss of sail performance (compared to an ordinary double-sheeted jib). What a convenience and joy it is to tack this boat without having to touch any line.

At the forward end of the cockpit there is standing room to handle halyards, etc. They lead aft from the mast to a console in the little space where the coamings come to a point.

Her rig is really quite conservative. She carries only 265 sq. ft. of sail, and the plan is nicely divided for sail handling and delicately balanced steering. Despite this moderate sized sail plan, she's surprisingly fast in light winds as she certainly is when it breezes up. A good, deep-keeled, modern racing design of comparable weight and size, but with 100 sq. ft. more sail may have a slight advantage in real light going, but the situation is reversed when it freshens a bit. A Genoa can be added to her sail plan, and it really livens her up in wind under 12 knots.

Sacrificing a larger rig in light air is more than compensated for in a lovely breeze when the full rig is just the perfect size and can be carried into 23-25 knots before needing to be shortened down. This eliminates the need for sail changing or reefing on occasions when wind conditions are at their best. Less work seems to translate into more enjoyment.

The mainsail is equipped for slab reefing and the jib also can be reefed to its club.

The decked-over space forward of the open cockpit is liberal in size, making plenty of dry area to store sails, clothing, or whatever. There are also shelves on both sides which are within reach from the cockpit. I keep an anchor and an oar in the forward compartment and the spinnaker pole stores just under the deck to one side. Life vests store conveniently under the seats.

Aft of the cockpit, the stern locker is also quite adequate, a good place to keep all things you occasionally need or want to have handy when you're sailing alone.

The portion of the volume of this compartment which is not needed for storage is filled with foam to provide additional flotation located aft.

The volume of the forward compartment is quite large. It has a watertight bulkhead and provides a major portion of the overall flotation as an air tank. It may also be used to store the sort of gear which is unlikely to be used frequently. An access door is gasketed and equipped with special dogging hardware.

The outboard portion of the seats are fiddled so that gear, lines, etc. cannot come adrift due to heeling.

The boom crutch is a very handy A-shaped pair of brass legs, hinged at the deck. A special knob at the end of the boom slips into a keyhole at the apex of the crutch. A toppling lift is optional.

Winches on both sides of the cockpit are used for spinnaker sheetlines, and one is used for the jib sheet, though it is not always needed to do the job.

Most of the fixed hardware are bronze castings. The travelers and sheetline blocks are of stainless steel or aluminum, as appropriate. The mast and boom are painted aluminum and resemble traditional wood spars. The jib club is sitka spruce.

Keel fastenings are stainless bolts. The cockpit sole is teak and is appropriately arranged with removable sections. Coamings, rails, and trim are also teak. Seats are plywood painted the same buff color as the spars and decks, which are fiberglass finished in the surface texture of painted canvas.

The interior of the cockpit and hull is painted with white gel-coat to brighten and provide attractive color contrasts. This surface requires no maintenance other than occasional cleaning with water.

A fixed high-capacity bilge pump is lo-

cated on the centerline under the cockpit sole aft of the centerboard trunk. The intake is at the low point of the bilge with a discharge aft at the stern. It is activated by a removable handle which can be operated by the helmsman without leaving the tiller.

Aside from an oar or paddle, auxiliary power may be added by a 3 or 4 hp outboard motor mounted on a bracket at the side of the boat and located near the tiller. The bracket is compact and easily slipped off its fastenings when not in use, so the boat is left unspoiled in appearance.

Her centerboard is made of solid PVC material, needs no ballasting, and is raised by a two-part tackle running forward to the mast and back to a cleat mounted on the teak cap on the trunk.

### History & Background

L. Francis Herreshoff designed this stunning boat in 1932 for Mr. Willoughby Stuart. Her plans are entitled 28' Knockabout Design No. 53. Mr. Stuart built his boat in 1933. He took her to his island home in Penobscot Bay, built a boathouse and railway for her, and she remained in the area for over 40 years, enjoyed by him and his family.

No sister ship ever followed, perhaps because the boat was kept in relative obscurity, or because for some time the country was in hard times and customers for yachts were few and far between.

Once more, however, Design No. 53 somehow failed to surface when, in 1972, Mr. Herreshoff's entire works were reviewed for publication in his classic book, *Sensible Cruising Designs*.

I found Mr. Stuart's boat in the summer of 1984, then owned by his grandson. She was sitting idle in a boatyard. It was love at first sight. She bore a composite resemblance to other familiar Nat Herreshoff "classes," but she also obviously was not one of them. My curiosity led to identification of her origins. I took possession of her and spent four interesting years sailing her with more than just a notion she'd be a great candidate to be reproduced in fiberglass.

A plan to build was developed, and in 1988 the project got underway. The whole concept of building fine reproductions of an obscure boat which was created long ago by one of the world's foremost designers is a romantic venture, particularly since the boat proved to be a true thoroughbred in extended studies sailing.

I view this boat as a descendant in a family of great Herreshoff creations. In this case, L. Francis succeeded admirably in utilizing all his earlier experience and familiarity with his father's great designs, advanced them with his own independent genius and artistry and what evolved is his own pure design. He eliminated the objectionable features of some of those older plans and created a much improved model for a boat of this type.

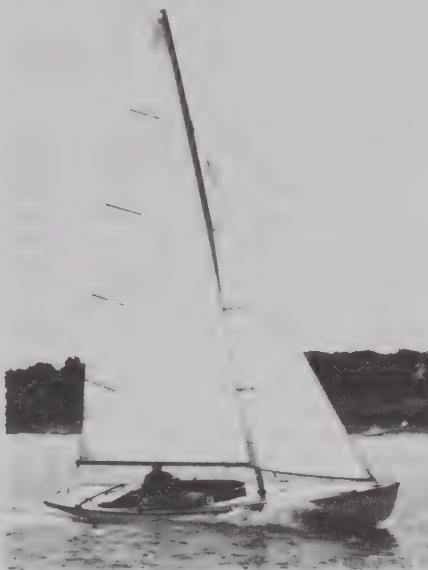
Every boat is, to some extent, some kind of compromise. But if you are looking for such attributes as space, comfort, ease of handling, and shallow draft, combined with lots of speed in a larger elegant daysailer, you will probably not find a more qualified boat than this.

I am grateful to Muriel Vaughn, Mr. Herreshoff's former assistant, for identifying and making his original plans available for this project. Likewise, it has been my good for-

tune to have been given the use of the original boat by Stuart Pratt, Willoughby Stuart's grandson. I have enjoyed every minute I've sailed her, and my enthusiasm for building the Stuart Knockabout reproductions grew steadily as a result.

Now, after several seasons of sailing in the new Knockabout, I am convinced she is truly an extraordinary "big" daysailer.

How many owners of cruising sailboats habitually daysail their boats? How much better off might some be in a really fine day boat?

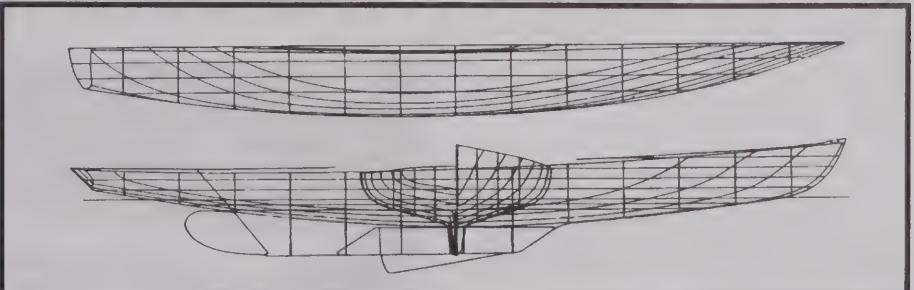


She has a beautifully shaped transom, finished in varnished teak, to round out as close a resemblance to a wooden boat as possible. Toe rails, rubrails, coamings, and other trim pieces are also made in teak. The boat has the same exquisitely clean, pleasing appearance of the original Francis Herreshoff model.

In building each boat, foam-cored fiberglass "sandwich" construction is used throughout, resulting in great strength and less overall weight. This permits the addition of 400 pounds of keel ballast to bring the completed boat up to her designed displacement, thereby increasing her capability to carry sail into a good breeze of wind.

L. Francis was partial to the advantages of comparatively shallow draft designs. He compensated for this factor by employing longer waterlines, exquisite, easily driven body plans, and sensible, moderate-sized rigs and sail plan.

The Stuart Knockabout is a splendid example of these basic design principles. She is exceptionally fast, and therefore great fun to sail. She also has surprising power and is not slowed perceptibly by an oncoming sea. She is comfortable and forgiving, and with every unnecessary piece of complicated gear absent, what is left is an uncluttered, simple, easily handled thoroughbred.



# New From Common Sense Designs

By Bernie Wolfard

## Introducing The Peanut Pram



Size: 7'7" x 4'  
Sail: 49sf  
Weight: 50lbs,  
Capacity: 2 Adults  
Propulsion: Row/sail/electric or very  
small outboard  
Material: 2 sheets of 6mm or 1/4" plywood,  
lumber for gunwales, seat etc., epoxy  
and fiberglass tape for stitch and glue  
building  
Plans: 2 22"x 34" blueprints, instructions,  
illustrated building manual



We designed the Peanut Pram to be the best all-purpose pram, tender and overall fun boat available. To this list we added that she must be inexpensive, easy to build, easy to transport, easy to launch from a mother boat, have excellent sailing qualities and able to carry two adults with groceries. To these ends we succeed beyond our expectations. When we were finished testing, we feel we have to add good looking to the list.

To meet all these criteria, we at CSD decided that the boat should be short and wide. This would make her small yet able to carry a lot of weight. Also, because she is wide, she stands up to her sail, making her a fun yet easy to sail sailboat.

The bottom has a slight V shape. This helps her track well under oars. It also is a better shape for sailing because as she heels over she presents a flat surface to the water. She also has a fair amount of rocker which makes her easy to turn and helps with sailing ability.

20

You can carry a Peanut Pram in the back of a compact pickup. At around 50 pounds she can also be easily cartopped.

As a tender she is easy to launch and retrieve because of her light weight. With her covered bow you can launch her nose down with a line from the stern. She will land on the water right side up while staying dry. As a tender, her weight carrying ability is a big plus. You can easily carry several weeks worth of supplies, or an extra passenger or two.

She is fun to sail, making a lot of commotion and the impression of incredible speed. Of course, because of her short length she doesn't really go very fast, but that hardly detracts from the fun. We are hoping to develop a class around the Peanut Pram. She can provide low cost competitive racing, where skill is more important than the boat. She is also a perfect sail trainer, and a lot of safe fun for the kids.

While not designed for a motor, with a simple modification of the transom she can carry an electric or very small outboard.

Overall, with her good looks, extra fun usability and low cost, we expect the Peanut Pram to become one of our most popular boats.

## First View Of The Seal Hunter

The Seal Hunter kayak was the first of the newly designed CSD boats to hit the water. It is always nice when a new design exceeds your expectations, and such is the case with the Seal Hunter. We were fortunate enough to be able to compare it side by side with one of the most popular kit kayaks ever, of course by a different company. This was especially good for me for this was my first time in a sea kayak.

At first, to a novice, the Seal Hunter seemed very tender. Once I was able to relax, however, the boat feels very light and easy to paddle. It picks up speed quickly, and holds its speed almost effortlessly. More important, the Seal Hunter tracks like it is on rails. This was our primary design goal, as a sea kayak that doesn't track can be exhausting in a cross wind or a seaway. Our feeling is, if the boat needs a rudder to go straight, it wasn't designed right.

Of course, the downside of this tracking ability, for a first time paddler like myself, is that I couldn't turn the boat any time soon. I was a little dismayed by this

## Introducing The Willamette Canoe 16 Foot Cruising/Camping Canoe



The Common Sense Willamette canoe is an easy to build, ultra-light, cruising canoe. Her multi-chined hull is as easy to drive as a rounded bottom shape, while maintaining stitch and glue's ease of building and plywood's inherent stiffness and strength. Much lighter than a similar sized fiberglass canoe, she is also stiffer and stronger.

Willamette's long waterline and low rocker, combined with her rather narrow bottom, makes her almost effortless to paddle. Her soft bilges means she displaces water quickly when immersed, meaning she can carry an incredible load for her size. These features combine to make Willamette a great cruising canoe. When you are not feeling so ambitious, or don't have enough time for cruising, she is a great day tripping and sight seeing canoe.

Easily cartopped, even by small individuals, we feel the Willamette is the best possible canoe for most people, and you can say you built her yourself!

---

until we had an expert kayaker try out the boat, and introduced me to the concept of lean turns. Doing these, he could turn the boat almost in its own length.

While I personally don't have much time yet in Seal Hunter, and a lean turn still seems like an invitation to get wet, we have had quite a few kayakers try out the boat, from an older (80) and even less experienced kayaker than myself, to an expert level old time paddle sports guru. Almost without exception, they have loved this boat.

Common Sense Designs, 6140 SE 111th Ave., Portland, OR 97266



It was with great surprise that I realised that Orpheus' Song actually strongly resembles Phil Bolger's Dovekie; the totally flat bottom, the strongly slanting mast and being double ended. Orpheus' Song, however, was designed with the outrigger canoes in mind as shown in Adrian Horridge's book *Outrigger Canoes of Bali and Madura, Indonesia*. For small boat and canoe fans, this is a must (Bishop Museum Press, Hawaii).

So, I was thinking canoes, and the manual propulsion here is the paddle, not the oar, and it has outriggers. The original design was only two feet wide, which seems to be the outside width of the aforementioned craft. These people are small and slender as a rule. Eventually I settled on 2.25' - 2' and 3". But, like the Dovekie, it has a totally flat bottom. I agonized a long time over that; I had entirely forgotten the Dovekie.

This design is meant for one person (me) to camp in. The largest one, a sixteen-footer, which is the original design, has, between the akas, six feet for sleeping and in front of that a lidded, lockable storage space for my sleeping bag and typewriter and some other paraphernalia which I want to keep dry. There is also accessible storage underneath the ends, these being decked level with the top of the hull. The curved ends are an affectation which,

## Dreamboats

### By Richard Carsen

### Orpheus' Song

in my eye, make the totally straight box hull look more attractive and maybe saves me a registration fee. I think that canoes (and kayaks) do not have to be registered, though I have been out-of-it now for a few years and I do not really know.

The main hull is indeed that, a narrow box, wall-sided, with only the ends curved in. As I like plank, it was designed for that material. Built in that manner, to my surprise, the hull by itself costs more to build. Going by prices and weights as given me by the lumberyard I deal with here, the completed boat, including spars, sails (homemade) and all non-movable interior parts, comes to about 350lbs and to about \$350 in material cost (cross-planked bottom with 3" x 1" stuff). This includes a miscellaneous factor of at least 10%. The plywood boat comes out to 200lbs and \$200. The equation \$1=1lb was an unexpected bonus, and I have no way of knowing whether this would hold up in your

area.

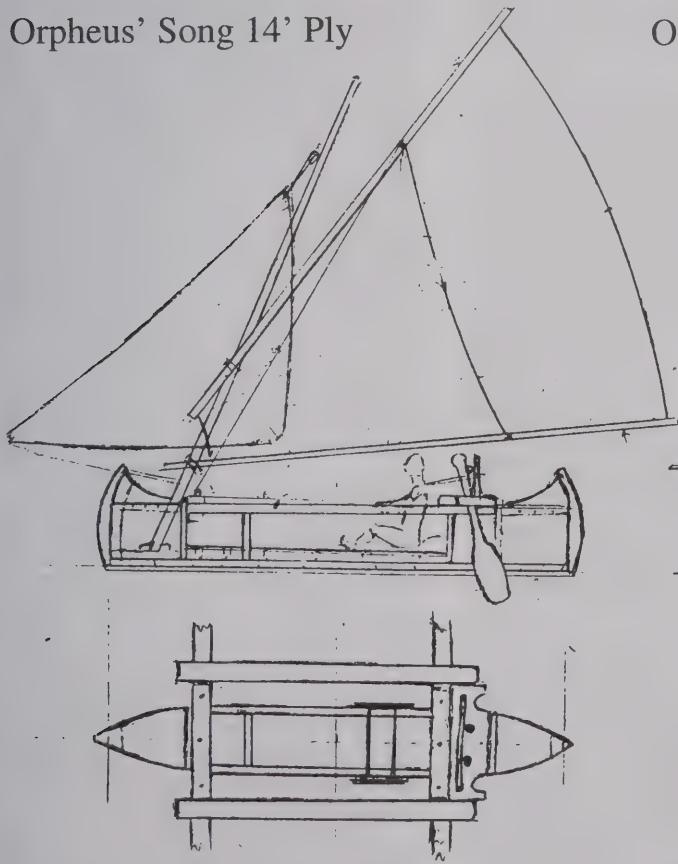
The planked hull has three planks to each side, the lower ones 12" (before finishing, just ordinary lumberyard measures) and the upper 8" or 6", what you can get. This yard won't mill so I have figured everything in 1" thickness. If I can find a yard that would mill however, I would have the planks planed to about 1/2" except for the bottom.

In the plywood version, the fancy ends can be what is left over after cutting out the shape of the floor.

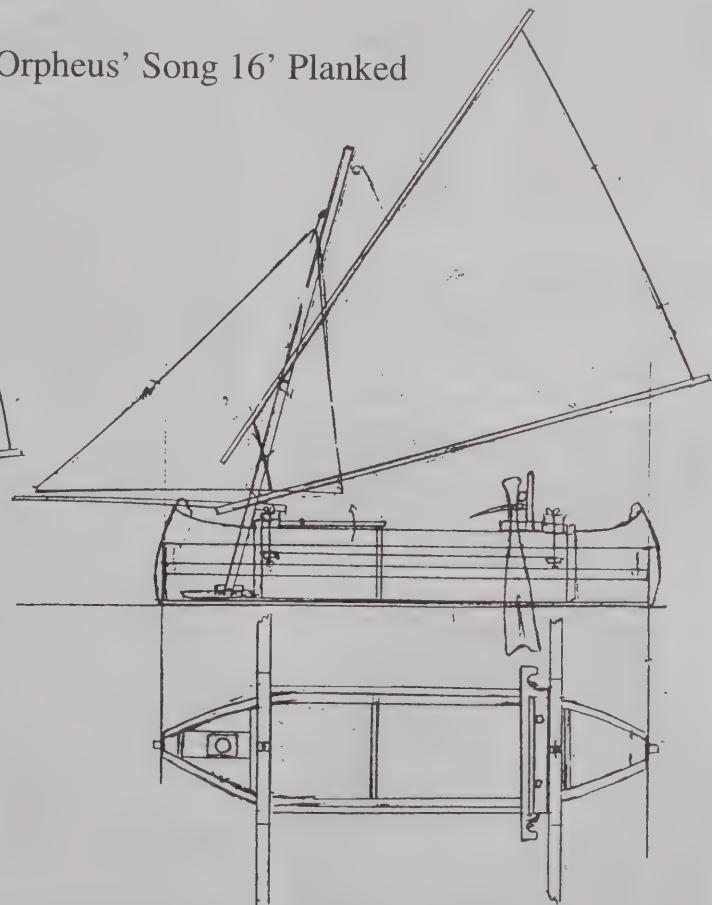
The akas are 2"x 4" lumber. I've done it before and it's not nice and light. Leave it full size where it crosses the hull, but shave off the corners outside the boat; that will save some weight. If you are good at that kind of thing, you can make some nicely curved aka's from laminated ply.

The inside ledge formed by the two lapping lower planks, will form a ridge on which to lay seats and a sleeping platform to keep you off the maybe wet bottom. In the 16' version the storage locker also has a bottom. If you make water, you want the stuff in there kept dry. The boat was thought up as a small camping craft to cruise among the off-shore islands of the southern California coast. When things get tough you are never too far from some port or a beach to land on. The curvy ends may even keep some surf out, I hope.

Orpheus' Song 14' Ply



Orpheus' Song 16' Planked



Sail Area: 136sf (Main 108.5sf, Jib 27.5sf)

Sail Area: 154.25sf (Main 112.25sf, Jib 42sf)



Larry Sedgewick's *Fenestra* underway after launching.

## Bolger on Design

### Update on Design #636 Champlain

In the August 15, 1996 issue of *MAIB* we presented the two-some low power cruiser Champlain. She measures 22'6" x 7'11"16" and is driven by an efficient large prop (12'Ø) 10hp 4-stroke outboard motor. We consider her an honest, low cost displacement speed cruiser, able to offer healthy ergonomics for extended adventures for two on a fixed income. She sleeps, feeds, and cruises two without undue gymnastics so common in smaller powerboats, and without the usual exposure to nibbling bugs, sunstroke, hail pelting, chilly winds, or just the noise from its own outboard.

For a day trip full of socializing, beaching, getting lost in the marshes, and fishing, she could seat six in comfort. With 52 gallons of fuel, 60 gallons of water, 45 gallons of holding tank and up to 900Ah of battery capacity, Champlain was designed to have long enough

In Florida, William. R. Jones took over the late Richard Tupper's project and will have a true four-season cruiser, as the rare Florida frost can't spoil the fun. So, whether she's done next week or for Christmas does not really matter to his first outing.



legs for regional gunkholing, lakeshore exploring, and ICW trekking without hitting marinas for at least a week or longer.

With an eye on the weather and the necessary caution scheduling treacherous inlet crossings, Champlain should be at home cruising the eastern, southern, and northwestern coasts as much as "doing" the canals here or up in Canada. Her square midsection puts her feet far apart, her bow is higher than many offshore fishing skiffs, and her construction makes her unsinkable to boot. And she'll do 6 knots longer than most 30' sailboats can hope for.

About a year after that article, the first Champlain called *Fenestra* was launched by builder/owner Larry Sedgewick in Wisconsin. He had initially come to us with the idea of commissioning a 20' or so outboard powered cruiser design of the raised deck ELCO type from the '20s and '30s. After some discussion about the unfortunate cramped gymnastics of the style if rendered in that size, we all agreed on the superior ergonomics and utility of the layout and appearance of what would become #636. Trying to squeeze a useable cockpit and a cruiseable cabin into a shallow hull of 20-22' has never been a very good idea, at least if designed for people of typical size and expectation of comfort beyond overnight camping.

Whichever way you try it, you're typically stuck with a cramped cabin, barely big enough to put one's pants on, along with a drafty, buggy cockpit with a useable separate head washroom and functioning galley, both full headroom, typically not a proposition deemed possible, at least with a straight face. On the other hand, for what any boat of such size is bound to cost, it might as well be useful for more than the balmy season minus the bug season, minus bad weather, etc. etc. Champlain should offer at least three season cruising in New England weather, in saltwater that is, accommodating two fully grown people under decent shelter without requiring long term chiropractic attention afterwards.

With prior experience of building, for instance, the 11'6" x 6'6" x 1'3" keel camping catboat Design #580 House-Mouse, Larry Sedgewick got going on this project, and her bottom wet in early fall of 1997.

"Dear Phil and Susanne, *Fenestra* (aka

Champlain) had a successful launch yesterday. She is a delightful craft. She also has very poor tracking, wandering around like a catboat at anchor. (...) She seems to float right on her lines...very nice manners all around (except as noted) 25mph winds at angles or abeam not having much effect..."

While it may seem obvious that she had needed "tail feathers" all along, we had assumed that her box keel and shoe would do a bit more to steady her. Anyway, no serious harm done (some eggstains though), and we came up with twin fins left and right on the motorwell sides to be attached in a day or two without major surgery, shallow enough not to increase her overall draft. While we were at it, we also threw in a fillet for the forward box keel/bottom joint which Larry has not yet found the urge to install. What worked fine were the drop windows.

"(...) I hear tell some have doubts about the sliding window arrangement (never rode streetcar, I guess). We have had several torrential rains with heavy winds since the boat has been uncovered, no sign of wet anywhere...."

Earlier this spring, "Greetings from the upper Midwest. The tail feathers (skegs) work just fine. Steady on course, turns smoothly and easy about 1-1/2 to 2 lengths (guess), will hold course my hands off but close by. (...) You might warn customers that something on the order of a GM/Chevrolet Suburban with load equalizers will be needed for an adequate tow vehicle, that said once you got it you never regret it. The whole works makes a fine boat/trailer combo. The boat is much appreciated by onlookers, none disappointed that it won't go 60 mph" (on the water).

Later this spring, "... Monday was windy 18-32 mph with small chop to go with it. Up wind 6 knots, downwind 6.8 knots. (...) Other observations. The boat is remarkably unaffected by wind. With a profile like a semi I expected a lot of wind effect. Even at 1000 rpm I had really good control, very sure and steady and good maneuverability... I have heard some skepticism about the windows, they work fine. We have (this spring) had wind-driven rain, broadside, of up to 80 mph with no leaks (lots of rain). Maximum fuel consumption is .87 gal/hour, that's quite a cruising range." At 6.5 knots and 52 gallons of gasoline, that would allow over 380 nautical miles of range, more if you throttle back some. Ride; nice ride upwind, thump, thump with a little vibration, no pound or lurching. good control; downwind just goes "swish", good control again. I did not do much crosswind, but what I did seemed unremarkable."

Another note later, "... noise level? You can hear the bow wave at the helm and (best place) forward cockpit. *Fenestra* is noisier than I anticipated (compared to what), but my experience is on a rag shaker, or with stuff with no muffler at all. We are not disappointed at all, one can sit on the fuel boxes quite comfortably, and closing the back door helps inside. We do enjoy the looks a great deal. Just being around her is to enjoy her."

So far so good! The first Champlain seems to have been worth the effort. The bow fillets should eliminate the "thump, thump" and require limited effort, as they are just applied externally, epoxied, and taped into place without framing or cutting through the 1" hull bottom. And a tired/cheap Suburban capable

of a few thousand miles per year might solve the hauling issue. More on launching with less hp later this year.

As usual there are quite a few more plans out there than boats. But we know of at least three more Champlains that either run already or should be able to any day now.

In Ontario, Han Van Pelt has launched his Champlain called *Mudlark*, "a perfect boat for us." As the local head of a branch of the Canadian Power Squadron, he will demonstrate in public how far you can go in comfort and style on just 10hp. He already had the Yamaha from his home-stretched Microtrawler project which he cruised extensively in the rivers, lakes, and canals of the province, to find her not quite big enough for two for weeks on end. With that boat for sale now, Champlain will be his last "big" project, although he has his eyes on doing a Camper (Design #640). With his background and his boat building experience so far, he mentions that he could perhaps build another Champlain for someone else. (More on Han Van Pelt's Champlain in accompanying article.)

If there are more Champlains emerging from shops and sheds out there, let us know, and share the cruises with all of us.

Plans on 8 sheets of 17" x 24" are \$300, and available from us at Phil Bolger & Friends, 29 Ferry St., Gloucester MA 01930-4834, fax (978) 282-1349.

Cruising our local canal, the Rideau Canal System, has been a rewarding experience. Each fall we go out for 10 days and enjoy whatever Mother Nature has to offer. The weather may be rainy and cold, warm and sunny. A couple of times we have experienced frost. No matter what befalls us, our little Micro Trawler (extended by 2') was the perfect boat. During inclement weather, while other boaters were hiding out in the local hotel, we were comfortably housed in our trawler. After four years of this we were certain of the following: 1) we like boats, 2) we like cruising, and 3) we like the other fall boaters.

Trips further afield and of longer duration were filling our dreams. The trawler was, for us, too small. We needed another boat. A wish list was made up. The new boat was to be all that the trawler is: 1) trailerable, 2) low hp outboard powered, 3) affordable, 4) buildable within a reasonable period of time, and 5) look good (interesting). The new boat would have the following additions: 1) a full-time head, 2) a hanging locker, and 3) a double bed that would allow fore and aft movement of crew with bed set up. Having read many marine books, I knew that such a boat did not exist. We remained hopeful.

A 1996 late summer issue of *Messing About in Boats* changed our life. An article by Phil Bolger and Friends presented their new offering, Champlain. Seeing the picture of Champlain intrigued us. After reading the description of Champlain, we knew that this was our boat. It had all the features that we wanted and more: 1) real glass windows, no more worrying about scratching the Lexan as on the trawler, 2) a roof (upper deck) that one could safely walk on, 3) a place to carry a punt rather than towing it, towing a punt through our canal system incurs extra locking charges, not to mention unnecessary difficulty, 4) a real cockpit from which one can safely anchor, 5) a huge ice box, 6) lots of drinking water capacity, 7) a huge black water holding tank, 8) a real cooking range and oven, 9) a real cabin heater, as concerns of carbon monoxide and excess moisture were great with an alcohol heater, 10) a steering station that would be far



On the banks of the Merrimack in southern New Hampshire, Pete McCarthy is working on his version of Champlain, after David Montgomery of Gloucester built him the hull shell in early 1997, including the modification insisted upon by the owner.

## Items of Interest Concerning Champlain

By Han van Pelt

more comfortable to sit at for extended periods, 11) abundant storage spaces, and 12) lockers to store folding bicycles in out of sight, after relocating the gas tanks. All this, and I could still use the Yamaha 9.9 high thrust outboard motor (more on this later). In short, this was the answer to our dreams.

A hasty request for plans was sent off. The plans were received before our fall cruise. A "For Sale" sign was placed in the trawler's window, and off we went on our fall trip. It was not as it was. Constant re-reading of Champlain's description saw us visualizing the trawler's interior as Champlain's. It looked good! It felt good! It had to be! While that article shows signs of much usage, it is amazingly still legible.

Now that the decision was made to build, we carefully looked at the plans for details that might require changing. Some minor things were changed to suit our style. Since this boat would be for exploration of canals, many opportunities exist for going ashore and exploring nearby towns and villages. Bicycles we wanted along with us, but not visible aboard the boat. Two gas tanks so far aft and so close to the edge of the boat, along with the lack of assurance that each tank would drain at equal rates, caused me concern. Further study of the plans showed that below each gas tank is a space that is well nigh impossible to use.

The solution was to put one gas tank under the aft deck. This would involve careful planning for ventilation of gas tank compartment. Also, the aft deck design would need to allow for future removal of the gas tank. Along with these measures, the aft deck would need to be carefully sealed and, if possible, there should be some easy means of checking for water leakage into gas tank compartment.

The gas tank that was installed in this location is 38 gallons (Imperial) and all above conditions were successfully met. Now the former gas tank compartments, along with the areas below them, are two very large compartments. In each compartment is a folding bicycle, securely fastened to prevent movement, a spare anchor and at least 15 line hangers. Thus all lines have their own place, out of harm's way from weather and out of sight. If need be, two lawn chairs will also fit into these lockers.

While one bow cockpit door is the easy way to build, I felt that it might hamper safe anchoring operations without first closing the door behind oneself. French doors made much more sense and more work.

All the side windows were made operable, except at the settee/galley bulkhead. Now the interior walls, by way of the side windows, were in one plane. While this does create more work, it also makes for a neater interior. Some changes were also made to the raising/lowering system, thus reducing the exterior gap between glass and hull, and also eliminating the external button for haul-up rope.

While the concept of the steering wheel pedestal was retained, the design was radically altered. The pedestal, instead of standing in the middle of the precious floor space, now stood tight against the front wall. This freed up the floor space so that you don't need to turn your foot in order to get past the pedestal. The wheel and instrument panel can be raised to sitting height or lowered to standing height. To use for sitting height, simply raise the wheel/instrument panel, sit down, and pull the panel towards you. As the panel is pulled back, the bottom edge moves so as to keep the whole panel in a vertical plane. The whole thing took 40 hours to design and make, but ease of operation and comfort in both standing and sitting positions make the 40 hours work very worthwhile.

To stay once a week at a marina to charge the four huge refrigerator batteries does not appeal to me. It is much easier to come ashore once a week for a block of ice or two. Also, the thought of sleeping aboard while four bat-

teries are charging, spewing out noxious gasses from an open-to-the-cabin, battery compartment is scary. I went the ice box route. As a matter of interest, the ice box does not have a drain. To use a drain invites rot problems, allows cold air to escape unless a drain trap is installed, and also drains away cold water from the ice box. All contribute to ice box inefficiency. Water can be 32°F in the liquid form and 32° in the solid form. It makes no sense to send cold water overboard. To keep melted ice water under control, the ice is placed in plastic 2-gallon kitty litter bottles. Cut the tops just at the point where sides curve in to form a spout.

The head has a medicine cabinet, about eye height, installed in the settee wall and protruding into settee area. In the settee area, the medicine cabinet forms the bookshelf. In the bottom of the medicine cabinet is installed aircraft type reading lights obtainable through RV and van parts suppliers. The head also contains a shower. It has its own pressure pump

and insulated 2-gallon water tank. This tank can be filled with solar heated or cooking range heated water. The tank is accessible for easy filling and checking of water temperature.

A pump switch is in the head to turn off pump when the water runs out. So much more pleasant than listening to a pump grind away while toweling oneself dry. The shower floor drain connects to an electric bilge pump and float switch with 3/4" hose. This electric drain is located in the lowest part of the hull. Should the head plumbing system ever leak, the shower drain system will prevent flooding if the drain is armed.

Of all the marine catalogues I have, not one has a seat that is either good looking, comfortable, or will fold up to serve as the captain's steering seat. My solution was a Volkswagen Fox seat. The size is right, it is very comfortable, and it folds. Some changes are required to make it work for the boat. It sets up or down very quickly. Yes, it is a very comfortable seat, and the back is adjustable, too.



All the comforts of home!



I've placed a double bed on starboard side. It is 48" wide, which is plenty for us. The drop leaf dine table will drop down, under control, to support the extended portion of the bed. When it's time to undo the bed, simply pull the table's lock pin and the table rises to its correct level and locks securely in place. Take note that the port isle is unimpeded by the double bed.

Construction of the Champlain was challenging, interesting, and yet straightforward. The sides and bottom were cut out of one piece of plywood 8' x 24'. This large piece of plywood was assembled from 6 4' x 8' sheets. While not overly difficult to do, it does require care. It helps to understand the system of butt joinery. It also helps to have a good 8' x 24' open frame table. This will allow you to get under the table and tape and epoxy the underside joints. You may assemble a full 8' x 24' panel and cut out to shape, or cut the shape first and then epoxy. I chose the latter. This way you use less epoxy and leftover pieces are usable for other locations. It certainly is a joy to epoxy these major pieces on a horizontal plane.

Since each assembled piece was to stand against the wall, each succeeding piece would cover up the previous piece. Therefore, plan out the order in which you will need each piece. The last piece to be made up is the first piece you will use. These panels are large and heavy. You will need a few people to help set them in place. Before you know it, the boat is assembled. The complete process, starting with the making of the 8' x 24' table to a boat that was painted, glazed, and doors hung, that is to say ready to go outside, took 400 hours of labor.

That was the easy and fast part. The completion of the interior is more exacting and time consuming. This part of the job took approximately 600 hours. For making the hull I kept careful tally, not so with the interior, hence the word approximately. You can assume that this boat is a quick one to build, compared to more conventional hulls that is. Had this been a conventional hull, the total hours would be much more. I am a cabinetmaker by occupation and have built six small boats and the Micro Trawler before taking on this task. Plan your expected completion accordingly.

At the time of writing this article the boat is 99.99% completed. After that I must complete the trailer. I hoped to launch in August. Since she has not yet been afloat, I cannot comment upon her sea manners, but I can comment on her looks. This is a beautiful boat. Beautiful to look at and beautiful to be in. The interior layout is a joy to experience. There is a lot of space in this boat, more than we ever expected. Phil and Susanne have achieved a work of art. Try as I may, I cannot express what this boat is. If you build one yourself, put extra effort into finishing this boat. You will not be disappointed.

A word about the Yamaha 9.9, 4-stroke, high thrust outboard motor. It seems that a number of people do not appreciate just what this motor is. Some boaters think that any 9.9 hp outboard motor is the same as this particular Yamaha. Liken this motor to a farm tractor. Tractors have tremendous ability to pull heavy loads at low speeds. They do this with relatively little horsepower. Your car, which may have two or three times the horsepower of the tractor, can not hope to perform work as the tractor can. The difference between the

two is torque. The tractor has a lot of torque while the car has very little.

Of course, we must not forget the wheels. The tractor has very large wheels that make a large footprint with the ground. The car wheels make a small footprint with the ground. The high thrust Yamaha has the torque of a 30 hp 2- stroke engine. This is mainly achieved through the gearbox. The propeller turns about two-thirds the speed of a 2- stroke engine when the 4- stroke and the 2- stroke engines are running the at same rpm. The propeller of the Yamaha is very much larger than that of the standard 2- stroke. This large propeller makes a large footprint with the water.

Now with the increased torque, the Yamaha has a means of applying the torque to the water. What is particularly important about the Yamaha high torque propeller is its effectiveness when in reverse mode. During one locking procedure I had to stop quicker than anticipated. A nearby lockmaster, in astonishment, said "wow, stops on a dime with change to spare."

The amazing qualities of this do not end here. As mentioned, this engine is a 4- stroke. When the engine is idling, I must check my tachometer to determine if the engine is, in fact, running. At full throttle (4,500 rpm) it is quiet enough to carry on normal conversations. Unlike some 10 hp outboard engines that must be tinkered with to make them ready for remote control, the Yamaha can be purchased fully equipped for remote control. Yes, that means with electric start. Almost all outboard engines come with alternators. All the Yamaha motors up to 70 hp come with 6 ampere alternators.

However, the high thrust engine comes with a 13 ampere alternator. From personal experience, this is adequate to keep two type 27 batteries fully charged by the end of a short cruise, approximately three hours, assuming that you don't use too much electricity each night. This engine weighs only 98 pounds, it pollutes less, and gets great gas mileage. Need more be said?

Han van Pelt, Toad Hill, McDonald's Corners, Ontario K0G 1 MO Canada, 613 278-2109

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## Some Hints

When it's time to scrub the epoxy and wash down consider this. Use 3M spongeback abrasive pads, medium grit. This not only scrubs extremely well, but you will be sanding the epoxy at the same time. Set pad on work, use lots of water on the work, and place your random orbital sander on the pad. Use enough pressure to keep the pad under the sanding machine. It takes a little getting used to, but it does work. The beauty of these pads is their ability to resist plugging up. They are far better than wet/dry sandpaper, and thus cheaper.

Be sure to check out the RV suppliers for parts. Stainless hardware and marine equipment may be great for salt water cruising, but not so necessary for fresh water cruising. Setting up for propane is a good example. Marine propane fittings are much more costly than RV propane fittings. This also includes propane and carbon monoxide sensors. It may be half the price to buy a RV cooking range over a marine range, but be careful.

In the RV catalogues I could not locate a range that did not have a pilot light in the oven. My marine surveyor would not approve that type of range. While on the subject of approval, my insurance company would cancel my insurance if my boat contained either a propane fridge or a solid fuel space heater. When in doubt, check with your marine surveyor or insurance company.

Water aboard a boat is limited and precious. The typical personal shower head uses a lot of water. Instead, use the kitchen vegetable sprayer. They are small and, really important, they come with a on/off lever. This prevents any waste of water and should it still deliver too much water, unscrew the head from the hose and install a rubber constrictor washer. The constrictor washer can be cut from an inner tube with a very small hole cut into it, and I mean small.

Champlain's black water holding tank is large, but at some time it will be full. Pulling off the inspection port to check fluid level is unpleasant. Installing costly tank volume sensors involving cutting holes in the tank, only to corrode away, is an exercise in futility. Go to the RV supplier and buy a sensor kit which does not require the cutting of holes. This sensor is glued to the outside of the tank. It will not work on metal tanks, but from personal experience it works very well on epoxied 1/2" plywood tanks. The unit I have will do three tanks (drinking water, gray water, and black water) and it will act as a battery condition meter.

The controversy rages over the subject of black water holding tank ventilation. The idea of ample cross ventilation sounds better than a small 5/8" vent hose. Champlain's black water holding tank is cross vented with two 1-1/2" pipe vents, one to starboard and one to port. I used household ABS pipe and fittings. The use of this material is cheaper than marine sewage hose and should last much longer.



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SA - 100sf

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Every time I get to thinking about buying another tool, I remember designer Phil Bolger's response to a customer who had asked him how much sail his boat should carry.

"How hard will the wind blow?" was Phil's reply.

Finding good used tools is plagued with just about as many variables as predicting the velocity of the wind. But if you work out the answers to a few basic questions, you have cut the problems down to size.

How much should I expect to spend? Just what tools am I looking for? Where should I look for them? I mention money first because that's the name of the game. You'd like to know how much you would save by investing in a used tool instead of buying it brand new. That depends on the condition of the tool that's available, and how badly you need it. Are you willing and able to do a little restoration work on tools that you buy at bargain prices?

Tool catalogs are good guides for comparing the costs of the new and the used. When you have a specific tool in mind, check the catalog first and then do your shopping.

Thirty years ago I paid \$7 for a new Miller's Falls low angle block plane. If I were to buy a comparable new Stanley right now, the catalog price is at \$45.99. Four years ago the catalog price was \$31.50, which shows what the trend is. It's easy to lay it on inflation, but inflation does not explain the fact that good quality small hand tools, hammers, saws, eggbeater drills, spoke shaves, and that low angle block plane, for example, are rising much faster in price than power tools are. I suspect that the answer lies in less competition. There are so many power tool manufacturers competing in what has become a high volume market, that their prices are at a virtual standstill, and in some cases are even declining, while makers of quality small hand tools can write their own ticket.

I'd take a hard look at a new price first, and consider myself lucky to pay a third to a half of that for a used tool in good condition, and maybe up to three-quarters if it was in mint condition. I wouldn't go for anything over that for the simple reason that sometime, in the course of a year, hardware stores will put some hand tools on sale at as much as 50% off.

When it comes to zeroing in on the specific tools you need, one quick way is just to start on something. Every project takes more tools than you would think. Take my annual spring launching. Every year I'd plan ahead and pack a box of tools for the day's work I intended to do getting ready to launch my 26' lobster boat, only to find that the first tool I reached for wasn't there. There are times too,

## The Great Tool Hunt

### Part 1

By Dynamite Payson

when working in my shop that I'm amazed at how many tools it takes for what seems to me a small job. Just rounding off the top of a Light Dory transom, I use a hole saw in an electric drill, a skilsaw, a hand saw, a hammer and chisel, a block plane, spoke shave, wood rasp and a half-round mill file.

Sure, I could do the job with less but I wouldn't want to. For me, the ultimate aim in buying tools is to be able to do the job the best and easiest way in the least time possible.

Undoubtedly, my upbringing had a great deal to do with my style of working. My father, Herman Payson, was a first-class carpenter (house, that is, he never built a boat in his life) with a deep appreciation of both hand and power tools and a good supply of both. He was of the old school of never-a-wasted-moment, no coffee breaks for him. He got there fastest with the mostest, and if power was the way to go, he took it.

On the other hand, he delighted in using his old Stanley 45 plane with its battery of interchangeable knives that enabled him to do tongue-and-grooving, turn out sash work and create an endless variety of moldings. Another of his prized possessions was an 11-point Disston handsaw which, although it was one of many in his rack, seemed never to be the one that I was allowed to use. I fell heir to it, along with the rest of his tools, and it remains and always will be very special to me.

We've been homing in on woodworking hand tools, and I have much more to say on this subject before we take up the powered variety. People have been making and using hand tools down through the generations. Many of these tools have reached high levels of development, and most of them were made to last.

Where to look for them? You will meet up with them at most every lawn sale, flea market and antique store. Availability, though, doesn't mean quality, not by a long shot. The most recent lawn sale I attended advertised tools and marine hardware, but after poking around the usual collection of bent and rusty screwdrivers, loose-jointed bit braces and nondescript marine junk, I finally headed for home with a single purchase, a Pakistani taxi horn.

But I will continue to watch the newspapers for lawn sales ads like a hawk, and if they mention tools I'll go, even though I have a shopful for anything I might ever want to build. I enjoy the browsing, and I enjoy the hunt and

the faint anticipation that I might still find one more thing I really want that the professional tool pickers have somehow overlooked.

There still are bargains to be found out there. Knowing what you are looking for will put you well ahead of the casual browser, and you might get lucky. If it's a handsaw you are after, you probably can find a good one, even at a lawn sale. I did.

Most every household has a handsaw of some kind. Perhaps it belonged to a grandfather or a deceased uncle and has been hanging in a shed for years. Very likely its identity disappeared long ago under a coat of rust, and its handle is cracked and loose. But don't let its appearance fool you. You could be looking at a tool you will treasure all your life. Chances are the steel in that blade far excels anything you will find brand new in the average hardware store today.

If the handle screws say "Disston" on them, that saw is worth a close examination. Don't lightly put aside an Atkins, or a Winchester either. But if you're holding a Disston, give it your full attention.

If it's pitted with rust, forget it, the teeth would break if you tried to set them. But if the rust is just a surface coat, take a good look along the length of the blade. If it has sharp kinks, that saw has been badly abused. At one time or another it probably didn't have enough set in its teeth, but that didn't bother the user, he just kept pushing harder until it buckled on him. Thumbs down again. If you ever did succeed in getting that kind of kink out, it would pop right back in again because the metal has been stretched.

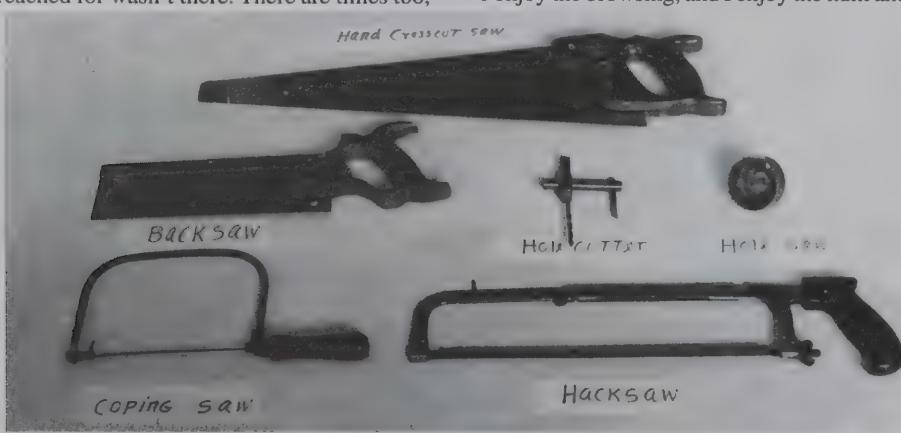
On the other hand, a long gradual curve or slight kink can usually be taken out if you over-bend in the opposite direction and keep watching it pop back until at last it's straight.

Back in the days before electric hand saws like the Skilsaw, carpenters had to rip their boards by hand. The saws they used were long and deep-bodied, and on the average they had five big teeth to the inch. When powered hand saws came along, the users of the old muscle machines weren't long in hanging them up or letting them lie where they were flung. Good riddance to those old Goliaths that were good for only one thing. Even professional tool pickers passed them by, not wanting to re-tooth them, or maybe not even knowing how. That's why you can still find one from time to time, as I did. I was about to toss it back on the pile with the rest of the junk until my eye caught the name Disston on it.

Time out for a little suspense while I tell a sad little story that to my mind has a lot to say about the snares and delusions you're apt to meet up with in the new handsaw market these days. I had been using a couple of 10-point Atkins finish saws for a good many years. I had bought these identical twins because I like the feeling of having a sharp replacement handy in case I hit a nail with one and could go right on working without time out to repair the damage.

But 20 years of filing had reduced one of them to about the caliber of a keyhole saw, and my daughter had taken the still good-as-new standby out in the woods to harvest a Christmas tree with it. Yes, it is still out there somewhere, but only God knows the exact location, and He's not talking.

So I faced up to the fact that I was in the market for a saw, and why not the best while I was at it? I went to the nearest hardware store



and bought a new Disston 10-point. The handle was a little crude and had sharp edges, but Mr. Disston's name was right there in letters two inches high. Nevertheless, when I got it into my shop, just the touch of a file told me this wasn't his best, so I gave it away. The Disston company was sold in 1955, and I'm afraid the old man's pride in his saws went with it. I had never before run into a cheap version of a Disston, but this one sure was. I'm not saying I was cheated. I got what I paid for, but I was left with the feeling that if the old gentleman could see this product with his name on it, he was probably spinning in his grave.

Back to my find at the lawn sale. I thought, "well, maybe it's worth a try, and I lugged the rusty relic home."

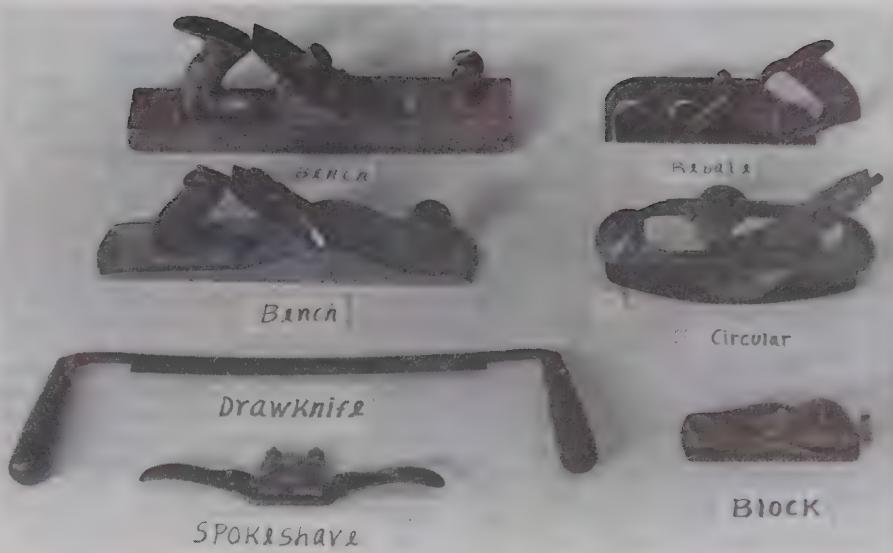
I fixed that old Disston by cutting its blade down to size, re-toothed it to a 10-point, and making a new handle for it. Was it ever worth it! My hardest job with the handsaw was cutting off my dory sides flush with the transom, and those long angle cuts plus the glue in the plywood took the keen edge off my other saws in a hurry. My rejuvenated old Disston did the same job twice as fast and still had plenty of cutting power left over for repeats. The reason is simple. That old blade has much harder teeth. When Henry Disston stamped on his product, over his signature, "For beauty, finish and utility, this saw cannot be excelled," he knew what he was talking about.

I've seen saws I thought might be as good, but none better. I kicked myself because, even though I had filed saws for years and was well acquainted with the top quality steel in the old Disstons, I had waited 25 years to hunt one down because I already had the pair of Atkins finish saws which did a good job.

Stainless steel saws? You can find these without any rust at all, but when you do, just pass them by. Their teeth are too soft to hold an edge and, in fact, you can't file a good edge on one in the first place. There is only one reason to own one, and that is to stow it away on board your boat. It can lie there, doing what it is best at, which is not rusting, period, until the time comes when having any saw available is better than none at all.

Early in this discussion I mentioned my low angle block plane. I also have a smoothing plane, a long joiner plane, and a variety of others, some metal, some wood. The wooden ones slide easy, but their boxy shape makes them a mite clumsy.

You'll find a lot of these old clunkers at flea markets and lawn sales. They have wooden wedges to hold the plane irons in place and metal strike buttons to dislodge them. The irons have good steel and plenty of it, but they're apt to go out of adjustment on striking the first knot, and then it's fiddle, fiddle, fiddle to get the proper depth cutting set again. There's nothing precise about it either. Hammer adjustments are not for me. A thunk on the end of the plane usually sets the iron too deep, while a tap on the strike button usually loosens the wedge and the iron both so the blade can't cut at all. At this point, the carpenter says to hell with it and takes his hammer to both the wedge and the top of the iron, a popular approach judging from all the brutalized iron tops I've seen, in addition to those I've made myself. If you are lucky, you might find an old wooden plane with a screw adjustment. I found one, and I'm still using it. My other old boxy planes I've given away or sold to antique dealers, with the exception of one I



made over into a spar plane.

I enjoy working with small hand tools. In addition to a small sledge and a ball peen hammer, I have three claw hammers, a 16-oz., a 13-oz., and an 8-oz. The 16-oz. is for heavier work, such as building shop steps or framing a house. I use the 13-oz. for nothing much larger than 8-penny nails, and the smallest for brads and such. It's a simple pleasure, I suppose, but it helps keep me happy to own enough hammers so I can always reach for the right one for a particular job.

When it comes to looking for hand auger bits, I search out Russell Jennings bits every time. They're so scarce that I'm immediately suspicious every time I find one, wondering how it ever got by the professional tool pickers, so I examine it carefully for straightness and the degree of wear.

I'm equally particular about any C clamps I find. Always try the adjustment screw, does it meet the pad on the clamp body, or is it way out of alignment when you screw it in? The number of clamps one needs varies, of course, but when you have enough so you can clamp any length gunwale or spar, you're accustomed to dealing with, without more than a 12" interval between them, you're adequately equipped. My collection includes all sizes from a 10" throat opening down to the 2" size

for model making. Of them all, my favorites are the 5" Jorgensons I bought years ago and have never seen advertised since. Look for a C clamp with a vee notch in its body pad which allows you to hook the clamp on a sharp outside corner. It's impossible to do this with ordinary clamps, but those notched Jorgensons hang on like bulldogs.

Gouges and chisels, a few sizes in both will serve any boatbuilder. I want some with inside and some with outside cutting bevels. If I'm cutting a hole through a mooring pole, it's the inside bevel gouge I reach for, but for shallow cuts it's the outside bevel that's needed. But with either one, I would want to have a slip, an oilstone shaped to match their respective bevels for sharpening.

For chisels, I use only all-metal ones, handles and all, so I can beat on them with a hammer, which is what I usually have in my hand at the time.

Files I could never do without. Long ago I learned that a block plane, a file, and sandpaper, used in that order, gave me a nicely rounded end on a gunwale. I can control files, but not sandpaper, so I keep a good array of them on hand for finishing work. Using a file first and then sandpaper, I get a clean fair curve and save on sandpaper, too.

To Be Continued



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# The Inside Skinny on Boat Canvas

By Bruce Goodwin

## What is Canvas?

Canvas is a generic term for any tightly woven, heavy fabric. Traditionally, canvas was woven from plant fibers such as cotton, hemp, and flax. Dry rot was and is still the weakness of natural fiber canvas. The following synthetic fibers do not rot and are currently used for most boat canvas.

Solution dyed acrylic fibers are used for "Sunbrella" and "Diklon" canvas, which have five-year guarantees against rot or color fading. Acrylics are offered in a rainbow of colors, are breathable, and water resistant. Acrylics stretch slightly with use and require chafe protection at wear points. Woven acrylics have a classic look and feel, and are ideal for most boat canvas needs.

Polyester canvas is strong with little stretch, hence its success as sailcloth. Polyester offers many colors, is water resistant, and is often breathable. Some makers offer five-year warranties against color fading or rot in polyester canvas. We use polyester for mooring and trailer boat covers, curtains, and spray hoods. Compared to acrylic, polyester is slightly slick feeling and has a shiny look.

Vinyl canvas is made with a thin layer of vinyl bonded to a base fabric (usually polyester or polyester blend). Vinyls are waterproof, easy to clean, not breathable, and are offered in many colors and textures. Vinyls tend to shrink over time, but use of "303" Protectant helps reduce this problem.

Nylon is quickly ruined by ultraviolet rays and is used very little, nylon thread should not be used to sew boat canvas.

## What About Mildew?

Mildew will develop green and black stains on just about any surface, including synthetic canvas. We use and recommend Iosso mildew remover for cleaning mold, mildew, and most stains including blood. Do not use household bleach for mildew stain removal, its use will void warranties, fade fabric, and severely weaken thread.

## Water Resistant or Waterproof?

Woven synthetic canvas does not absorb water, but will transmit water through its weave. Various coatings are used to block this transmission, providing water resistance. These coatings wear away with exposure, scrubbing, and various cleaning agents. Water resistance is restored with Aseal or Iosso water repellents. Impenetrable membranes such as vinyl or rubber are waterproof. We use Seal-All or Tear Mender to patch small holes in water resistant and waterproof canvases.

## What is Breathable Fabric?

A fabric that allows water vapor to pass through its weave is breathable. This can be desirable. Boat enclosures fabricated with non-breathable canvas may stay damp, causing damage to electronics and stowed gear. Breathable canvas allows inside moisture to escape, while water resistant coatings repel outside water.

## Zippers Zipping and Snaps Snapping

Teflon grease is long lasting, impervious to salt water, and a little bit goes a long way. Keep a 4-oz. jar on board and apply with a Q-Tip into female sides of snaps, sliders on zippers, machine screw threads on nuts and bolts, etc.

## Maintaining Clear Vinyl

Frequent fresh water rinsing and drying with clean, soft toweling will keep vinyl clean. Use 210 cleaner to keep vinyl soft with a sealed surface that will help repel contaminants.

## Metal Frames and Fittings

Aluminum and stainless steel frames oxidize and discolor with exposure. Use Iosso metal polish to keep frames shiny and aluminum pit free. A thin film of teflon grease on metal fittings and screws will slow corrosion.

## Cleaning Tips

Brush fabrics with a soft brush to remove soil. Soak with fresh water. Use soft brush and soapy (Ivory liquid or Iosso stain remover) water. Scrub gently and completely. Rinse thoroughly with fresh water. Air dry, do not machine dry. Hard brushes and harsh cleaners will remove water repellency and could damage synthetic canvas.

## Who Are We?

Goodwin Awning & Canvas of Bath. We design, fabricate, and install custom awnings and marine canvas products. This is an owner-operated business with close control on every project from point of sale to final installation. Our Bath location ensures local service throughout mid-coast Maine. Quality and dependability have built our reputation.

Our marine canvas products include just about everything for boats made from canvas, such as bimini tops, dodgers, cushions, sail bags, etc. From stitching oar leathers and mooring covers for peapods to installing mast boots and bridge enclosures on big boats, our work with marine canvas provides much pleasure because we're near water, messing about with boats. Given the boats and waters of Maine, this aspect of our business is a delight.

Goodwin Awning & Canvas, 71 Russell St., Bath, ME 04530, 443-3072, e-mail: Bruce Goodwin @ [<kewing@gwi.net>](mailto:<kewing@gwi.net>)

# Hollowood

By Paul Burri



Hollowood veneered tubing is a new, engineered wood product constructed of thin plies of poplar  $1/50"$  to  $1/16"$  thick which are bonded together by a high strength, waterproof polyester resin adhesive. The fourth, outside ply is faced so that the grain runs the length of the tube. An extensive family of domestic and exotic hardwoods is available for the outside ply. The total wall thickness is approximately  $1/8"$  making a wooden tube that is lightweight but unbelievably strong. Hollowood is available in 16 different diameters and in 8' lengths.

Cutting Hollowood is just as easy as cutting small stock such as molding or trim. Using a fine toothed crosscut blade in a table saw or a miter box seems to work best. Because it is round, any jig or fixture that will help support the stock and keep it from rotating during the cut will be safer and will result in a cleaner, more accurate

cut. A band saw does a good job but the finish cut may be a bit irregular unless a very fine toothed blade is used and the stock is supported with a hold down. A hand miter box will obviously be somewhat slower.

Brad point, Forstner or spade drills work best in Hollowood because their center point will lead into the stock allowing the outside edges to make the cut. Be careful not to force the bits or the chance of break out on the reverse side will be increased. The best way to prevent breakout is to use a scrap wood plug on the inside of the tubing during drilling operations. For larger diameter holes, a fly cutter with a pilot and a narrow cutter may be used at slow speed in a drill press and with the work suitably fixtured to prevent movement.

Hollowood is real wood so any good glue may be used to glue it. We recommend Gorilla Glue for its superior strength and waterproof qualities. Fixtures, and supporting blocks are useful when bridging seams or joints. Special circumstances may dictate the need for special adhesives such as epoxies.

Any type of finishing system can be used on Hollowood. Keep in mind that the outer ply is real wood in veneer form. This special veneer is able to accept any of today's modern finishes including lacquer. Lightly sand the exterior face of the Hollowood tube with 320 grit paper to prepare the surface and then wipe with a tack rag to remove all dust. For the open-grained woods such as oak and mahogany start with a sanding sealer. Follow the manufacturer's instructions with each finishing

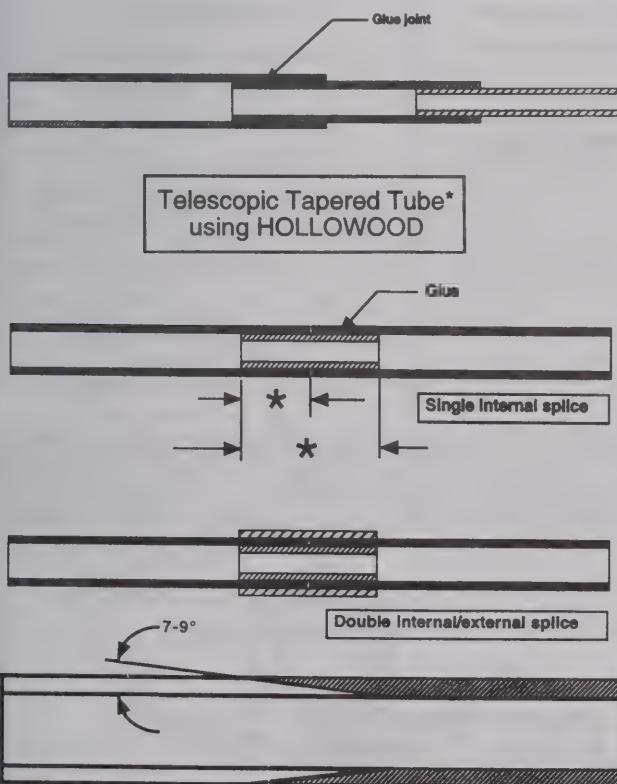
material. We have found that it is a good idea to use the same manufacturer all the way through the finishing process. Sometimes, products from different manufacturers differ enough to give inconsistent results when used together.

The wall thickness of Hollowood is designed to be approximately  $1/8"$  with the diameters increasing in  $1/2"$  increments from  $1-1/2"$  to  $4-1/2"$ . New diameters are constantly being added; particular diameter requirements may be available soon. Remember, Hollowood is real wood so dimensional tolerances of  $+- 1/64"$  for both the wall thickness and the inside and outside diameters apply.

Is Hollowood strong? An official test report from Gougeon Brothers stated, "...a piece of wood tube  $1-1/2"$  diameter and 10" long with standard  $1/8"$  wall thickness weighing less than 2oz, when placed on end could support an ultimate load of about 3,000lbs." When Gougeon conducted a simple support test with a specimen wood tube  $2-1/2"$  diameter, 30" long with  $1/8"$  wall thickness weighing under 10oz, it supported up to 500lbs over a 28" span.

Hollowood is available in 8' lengths and in many veneers. For some design ideas and techniques send for our booklet: *Hollowood Idea Collection*, \$4.50 postpaid in the US.

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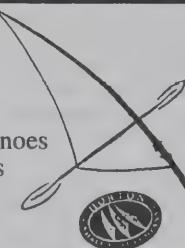
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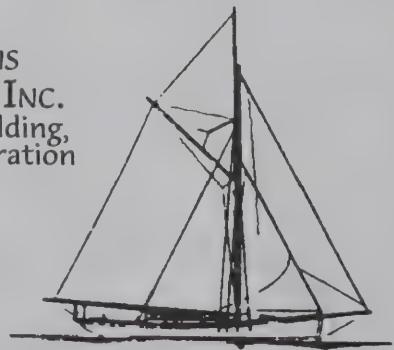


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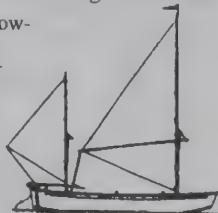
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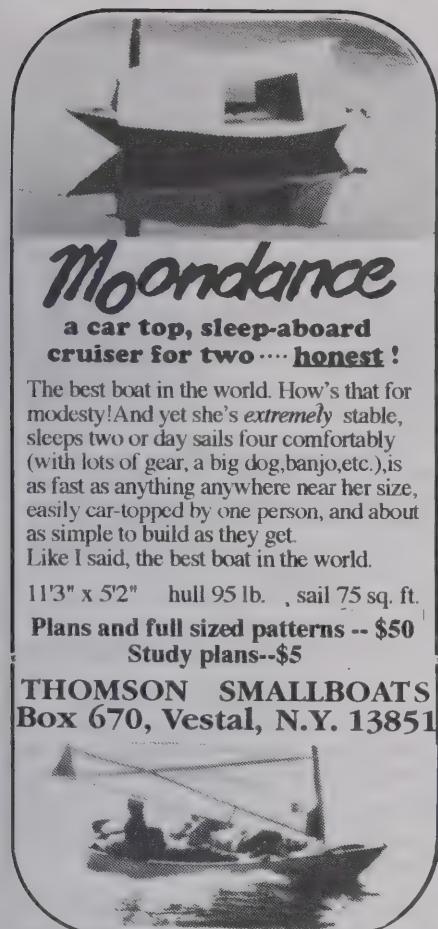
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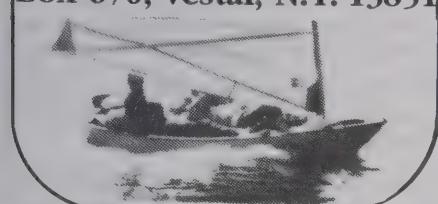


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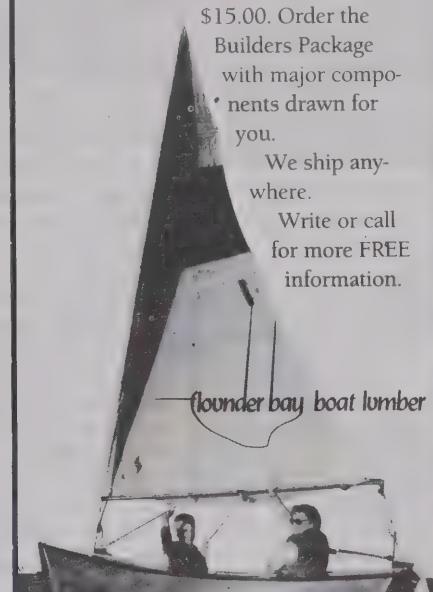
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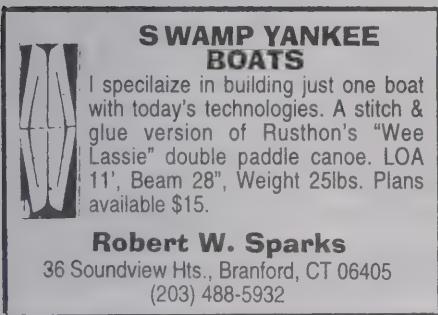
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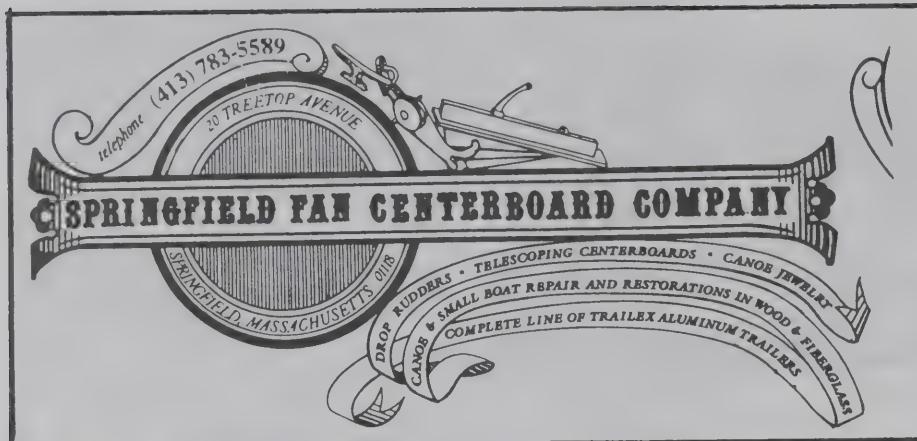
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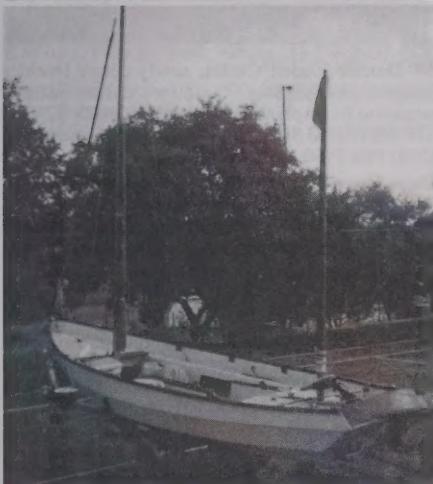
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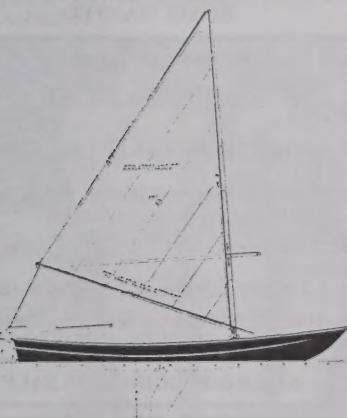


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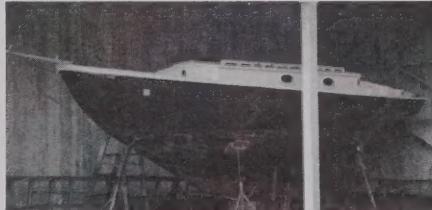
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**33' Glander k/cb Yawl**, '71. 30hp West. diesel, cockpit enclosure, lots of canvas, new interior upholstery, frig, shower, woodstove, propane stove w/ oven, full batten main, furling jib, etc. \$17,900. Consider partial trade for small RV or trailer sailer. Motivated seller.

SCOTT EDGERTON, Hendersonville, TN, (615) 824-4675 or pager (615) 201-2686. (11)

**33' Glander k/cb Yawl**, '71. 30hp West. diesel, cockpit enclosure, lots of canvas, new interior upholstery, frig, shower, woodstove, propane stove w/ oven, full batten main, furling jib, etc. \$17,900. Consider partial trade for small RV or trailer sailer. Motivated seller.

EDWARD FEINBEWRG, 67 Meadowbrook Rd., Brookline, MA 02445, (617) 734-6507. (11)

**18' Ideal 18**, the perfect daysailing keelboat. Main w/jiffy reef, self tacking jib w/Harken roller furling spinnaker, sail covers, tiller cover. All Harken hrdwre. Small OB. All in mint cond., on small trlr. Located Southwest Harbor, ME. Asking \$8,500. Pat Moore Reverie Solo Canoe, w/ash trim, 2 saddles (small & medium), kneeling pad, Moorepaddle & fleece paddle bag, thwartbag. \$7509.

EDWARD FEINBEWRG, 67 Meadowbrook Rd., Brookline, MA 02445, (617) 734-6507. (11)

**10' Kittery Point Tender**, elegant, used 2 times. Bone ext FG hull w/dark green cove stripe, varnished mahogany gunwale & thwarts. Pr bronze oarlocks & 7' spruce Shaw & Tenney oars incl.

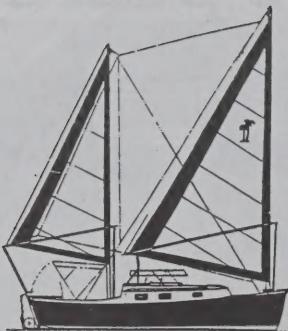
Owners unable to use for unexpected health reasons, must sell. Pd \$1,500 new, sell \$1,200 OBO. Will make shipping arrangements anywhere in US.

DEBBIE ARENBERG, P.O. Box 157, Kittery Point, ME 03904, (207) 439-3748 (11P)



**Green Marine Catapult Catamaran**, 28' of fast fun. Four 7' berths for camping/cruising. Shallow draft, CBs. 4 yrs old, well maintained. On mooring in Falmouth, ME. Asking \$22,000

CHUCK JONES, Auburn, ME, (207) 784-2721 eves/wknds, or GREENE MARINE, Yarmouth, ME, (207) 846-3184. (11)



**25' Beachcomber Cat Ketch**, 4 berths, Yanmar diesel, shoal draft 15", roomy cockpit, bowsprit, sails furl on freestanding masts. Nds repair, sell for best cash offer. Located in TX.  
P.K. FAULKNER, (512) 949-9386. (12)

**23' Sonar**, Hull #334, 3.5hp OB, 3 sets sails, aft-lead jib sheet cam cleats added for single handed sailing, spinnaker pole, lazy jacks. \$5,000.  
KEN ONG, Douglaston, NY, (718) 631-9011. (11)

**25' '70 Westerly Tiger**, sloop rigged, solid FG hull, rlr frl gen, rlr rf main, '88 Westerbeke dsl, slps 4-6, dbl berth, v berth, 2 qtr brths, 7,800lbs displ, loran, depth, VHF, comp, SS stove & sink, encl marine head, bilge, tlr strg, Danforth & plow anchors, full swing keel, new gel coat. Vy well maintained. Moored Marblehead, MA. Wonderful wknd & family cruiser. \$8,000. Buying bigger boat.  
DAN LYNCH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-6145. (12)

**Bolger/Payson Bobcat**, named *Jaguarundi* after the rare Texas cat. It was fun to build & is fun to sail, but all I want to do now is paddle my kayak. *Jaguarundi* incl exc sail purchased through Dynamite Payson & an extra fiddle block for the oversized mainsheet. This is a grt family boat that sails easily w/3 adults & a couple of kids. It's strong & stable. Asking \$1,500 include tlr.  
MONTE RHODES, Austin, TX, (512) 453-4525, email <rhodesm@apple.com> (11)

**Unique 16' FG Boat**, center console, deep-V lapstrake hull design w/horseshoe of mahogany coaming around fwd V-shaped seating area. New Hummingbird Wide 100 depth/fish finder. Exc for fishing, skiing or just plain cruising. 60hp Mercury OB, power tilt & trim, only 3hrs fresh water use since major overhaul. New tlr, bearing buddies, tongue jack/wheel & spare. Interested in trading for trailerable sailboat w/cabin. Asking \$4,800.  
ART EICKENBERG, Fayetteville, GA, (404) 305-5569. (12)

**Daysailers**, 11-1/2' Poly Escape. \$1,725. 13' Puffer Sloop, FG. \$550. 18' Beachcomber Dory, FG. \$1,495. 19' Drascombe Lugger. \$2,850. Help me pay for daughter's college education.  
HAL WHITE, Osprey, FL, (941) 966-5702. (11)

**11' 6" Wee Lassie**, half-decked, cherry & mahogany trim, painted hull, bright deck. Vy pretty boat. Trades considered; Penguin, Rhodes, Bantam, 14' 16' catamaran, small IB engine.  
STEVE SMITH, Eastham, MA, (508) 255-8226 before 9:30pm. (11)

**Mud Hen 17**, 17'4"x 6'3"x 6" (board up) x 3'6" (board down). 155sf gaff rig w/folding mast. Ideal beach cruiser. Current base price \$10,950, will sell for \$5,000 w/galv tlr, 2.7hp Cruise 'N Carry OB & sail cover.  
HENRY C. MASSENBURG, 13 Harbor River Dr., Horse Island SC 29920, (803) 838-2550. (11)

**1922 Old Town Sailing Canoe**, 16' wood/canvas w/original factory sail rig, rudder, dbl leeboards. Hull in vy gd cond. Have '22 bill of sale, own a piece of history! \$2,500.  
TOM KRAVIS, 2735 Benson Rd., Northville, NY 12134, (518) 863-4988. (11P)

**24' Rowing Shell**, \$200.  
ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (11)

**14' Swampscott Dory**, wood w/epoxied garboard & dbl bottom. Won its heat in Blackburn Challenge 4 yrs ago. Nice looking boat. May be sailed too. \$1,000.  
PAUL MURRAY, Storrs, CT, (860) 429-1661. (12)

**15' Hunky Dory**, semi-V open skiff, all FG, in vy gd cond. \$600.  
LARRY TYTLA, Waterford, CT, (860) 444-2538. (11)

**15' West Wight Potter**, Dillie tlr, mainsail w/jiffy reefing, jib & tanbark genoa, cabin & cockpit cushions, running lights, Danforth anchor, etc. Exc cond. \$2,300.  
DICK BRIDGE, RR #3 Box 184A, Laurel, DE 19956-9588, (302) 875-0879. (11)

**23' Bolger Martha Jane**, carefully blt of marine ply, glass & epoxy. Nicely finished w/deep green topsides, cream deck. Clear douglas fir spars. \$4,000.  
BILL JOCHEMS, Redstone, CO, (970) 963-3662. (11)

**14' Solo Cedar Strip Canoe**, Wm. English #20 pattern from *Canoe Craft* plans. Exc. \$800. **17' Wenonah Spirit II**, 40# kevlar canoe. Vy gd. \$1,200. **10'x 4' Norwegian Style Pram**, lapstrake, finished bright. Copper rivets & roves. A beauty. New. \$2,150.  
BOB or ZACH THOMAS, Ballston Spa, NY, (518) 885-9769. (12)

**17' Wooden Sailing Dory**, 3 rowing stations, 3 sails ca '30's, w/trlr. \$500.  
CAPT. J. MILANOWSKI, Holland, MI, (616) 399-4642. (12)

**'62 Lotus 28 Sailboat**, gd cond, nds sails & TLC. \$3,200 OBO.  
BETTY HOLMES, Verona Beach, NY, (315) 762-4232. (13P)



**Ware Creek 15 Duende Prototype**, windsurfer rigged cat ketch. 2 nearly new sails, grt shallow water gunkholer. weighs trailerable 325lbs. \$1,895 OBO.  
BOB AUSTIN, Williamsburg, VA, (757) 566-3769. (12)



**16.5' Micro Trawler**, exc cond, blt '94, marine mahog ply, epoxy, FG, interior all bright mahogany, fully equipped, galv tlr, Yamaha 9.9 4-stroke high thrust OB. 2 single berths or dbl berth. This boat is longer than standard Micro Trawler by 2'. Vy well blt by myself, a professional cabinetmaker. \$14,500CAN.  
HAN VAN PELT, Balderson, ON, (613) 267-5423 work, (613) 278-2109 res. (12)



**30' Double Ended Cutter**, newly constr Buehler design at planking stage. Incl all wood (hackmatack) needed to finish planking, fasteners & plans. \$2,995.  
SHOESTRING SHIPYARD, Sagamore Beach, MA, (508) 888-7960. (12)

**Cape Dory 30**, fully equipped, designed by Carl Alberg, est replacement cost as equipped \$75,000. Inventory & '98 vessel insurance & valuation survey available on request. W/ Sturdee 8' tender. \$25,450.  
RALPH TOWNLY, Box 516, Marion, MA 02738, (508) 748-2251 phone & fax. (12)

**14.6 American "93"**, Carolina edition, sails used twice, motor mount, hatch door, boat cover, sail bag, galv tlr w/spare tire & wheel, 3hp OB. All like new, stored under cover. \$2,950.  
ROBERT SCHOLZ, Silver Springs, FL, (352) 625-4304. (14)

**20' Drascombe Peter Boat**, rare CB lug yaw l, custom WEST System constr by prof btblder. Bristol cond, slps 2 in cuddy cabin, sails 4 comfortably. Galv Calkins tlr, 4hp Evinrude. \$7,995.  
BRYAN QUIRK, Anacortes, WA, (360) 299-8274, (14)

**17' Wood/Canvas Kayak**, traditionally blt hard chine shallow V bottom, spacious cockpit. Yellow & white, nice cond. W/Folbot take-apart double paddle. \$250 firm.  
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906. (TF)

**22' Stretched Piscataqua River Wherry**, competitive fixed seat double rowing boat launched July '97. 140lbs, okoume/WEST/mahogany topnotch materials throughout. Incl 2 sets 8' spruce oars. \$1,350.  
ANDY HALL, Lynn, MA, (781) 592-5533. (11)

**Marshall Marine Sandpiper Catboat**, w/many extras. New 4hp Johnson OB on bracket. Call anytime. \$6,500.  
KARL WEBSTER, P.O. Box 261, Brooksville, ME 04617, (207) 326-9781. (12)

**26' FG Sloop**, gd cond, slps 4, much gear. \$2,900.  
HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376, (860) 442-0055. (12)

## BOATS WANTED

**Used Feathercraft Single Kayak**, or Khatsolano folding kayak.  
FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314. (11)

**10' Sail-Oar Dinghy**, by John Lindsay or Lincoln Boat Co.  
MAIT EDEY, Vineyard Haven, MA, (508) 693-3350, email: <maitedey@aol.com> (11)

**Old Surfboard**, 9' or so. Also interested in windsurfer.  
PAUL MURRAY, Storrs, CT, (860) 429-1661. (12)

**Sportyak III**, fair cond or better, any color. (12)  
CAPT. J. Milanowski, Holland, MI, (616) 399-4642.

## SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

**Dacron Main & Jib**, 150sf ideal for small boat project this winter. Main 20'6" luff, 9'9" foot, approx 100sf; jib 15' luff, 7' foot, approx 50sf. Little used, exc cond. \$200 firm.  
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906 6-9pm best. (TF)

**Aluminum Gaff & Boom**, for Sunfish or Sailfish, not compl. \$10. Bamboo, several light pieces about 6' long, 2 are thicker & could serve as masts for small canoes. Free.  
JOE ROGERS, 24 Wood Terr., Framingham, MA 01702, (508) 872-4206. (11)

## SALES & RIGGING WANTED

Mast, for O'Day Daysailer II. Also assorted hrdwre, sails, etc.  
ALLEN KENNEDY, 240 W. 98th St. #11, New York, NY 10025. (12)

Rhodes Bantam Spinnaker, useable cond.  
JIM BRODEN, St. Paul, MN, (651) 484-2031. (12)

Suit of Sails, for S.F. Bay Pelican that I'm restoring to her former glory.  
JIM TOMKINS, 2783 West River, Gr. Island, NY 14072, (716) 773-5268. (12)

## GEAR FOR SALE

Volvo Penta MD2B, 2 cyl 25hp. recent rbl'd w/o \$1k in new parts. Engine submerged, will deliver. BO or trade.

ROBIN TEITEL, Melville, NY, (516) 423-8320. (13)

9.9 Johnson OB, long shaft, new cond, Asking \$1,400.  
LARRY TYTLA, Waterford, CT, (860) 444-2538. (11)

'98 4hp Mercury OB, short shaft, internal gas tank. Fwd-Neut-Rev shift. Bought new 2/98, only 35min run time. Nd longshaft. Will consider trade plus for quality ocean shell. \$625. **Drop-in Sliding Seat Rig**, Piantedosi for sculling w/9'9" oars in canoe, guideboat, open kayak. Professional anodized aluminum, fully adjustable for any size rower, maple seat, locking oar locks. This rig is used on many shells. Weight 15lbs. A solid rigid unit in perf cond. Will consider trade plus for quality ocean shell. \$325.

AARON GLAZER, Groton, MA, (978) 448-2464. (12)

'91 2hp Suzuki OB, gd cond. \$350 OBO. **40# Luke Storm Anchor**, painted. \$200 OBO.  
DAVID VIRTUE, Kittery Pt., ME, (207) 439-8005. (11)

Classic Shipmate Wood/Coal Stove, height 19", width 24", depth 17", 10"x 10" fire chamber w/ ea 5"x 5" ovens. \$300.  
JIM MANNING, Beverly, MA, (978) 922-6655. (11)

Gloucester Gull Station Molds. \$200.  
SHOESTRING SHIPYARD, Sagmore Beach, MA, (508) 888-7960. (12)



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DESIGN WORKS, Dept. MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (TFP)



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## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar**, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

**I Hear You Bought a Boat**, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. \$3 incl mailing.

TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)

**Rudder & Yachting Magazines**, '40's, '50's, '60's, reasonable prices. Write for list & prices.

DAVID KEITH, Box 516, RR1, Glenwood, NS B0W 1W0, Canada. (11)

**Boat Plans**, revised list, send SASE for list.  
JOE ROGERS, 24 Wood Terr., Framingham, MA 01702. (11)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

**BOAT PLANS - PATTERNS - KITS** - Unsurpassed selection - 7' to 55' - A variety of rowing boats - Sea kayaks - Dories - Dinghies - Daysailers - Motorsailers - Powerboats - Fishingboats - MORE. 176-page **DESIGN BOOK** - \$5.00 (Sent Airmail) - Includes FREE "Supplies Catalog", Epoxy Manual \$2.00. "How to Fiberglass" Video \$32.95.

**GLEN-L**, Box 1804/MA8, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804. MC/VISA 562/630 6258, fax 562/630 6280, www.glen-l.com. (TF)

**From My Old Boat Shop**, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

**The Odd-A-Tea**, by Tom McGrath. Wandering the New England Coast like Ulysses in *The Odyssey*. Paperback, profusely illustrated.

TOM MC GRATH, 684 Chestnut St., Lynn, MA 01904. (TF)

**"Sleeper"**, 7'10" caroppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.  
EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)

**\$200 Sailboat**, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850. (TF)

**Cockleshell Kayak Plans**, 3 wknds & about \$150 puts you on the water. 11.5' LOA, 24lbs, step by step instructions, full size patterns. \$35.  
ERIC C. RISCH, HCR33 Box 117, S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TFP)

## BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

### Old Canoe Catalogs.

LERİY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19977, (302) 653-2628, (302) 653-9487. (TFP)

**Wanted Books & Plans:** Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder*, *Motor Boating*; *Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.

THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-2072. (TFP)

## MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

**Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat**, for MAIB subscribers only. I will nd snapshots of your boat (will return) & tel # to call so I can plan around what you want.

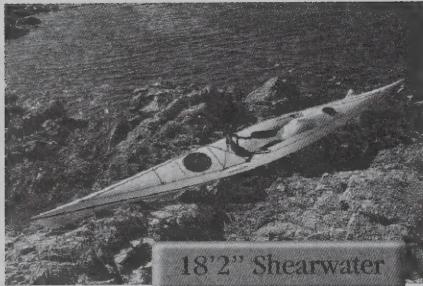
SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040, (305) 294-3168. (TF)

**Interested in Small Boat Ministry?** Contact us. CRUISING MINISTRIES, INC., 6110 Florida Ave., New Port Richey, FL 34653, email: <graced@GTE.net (24P)

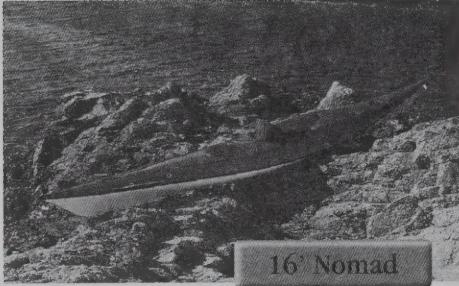
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IVER LOFVING, after May 10, Box 366, Swan's Island, ME 04685, (207) 526-4121, (207) 773-9505. (TF)

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16' Nomad



12' Sea Otter

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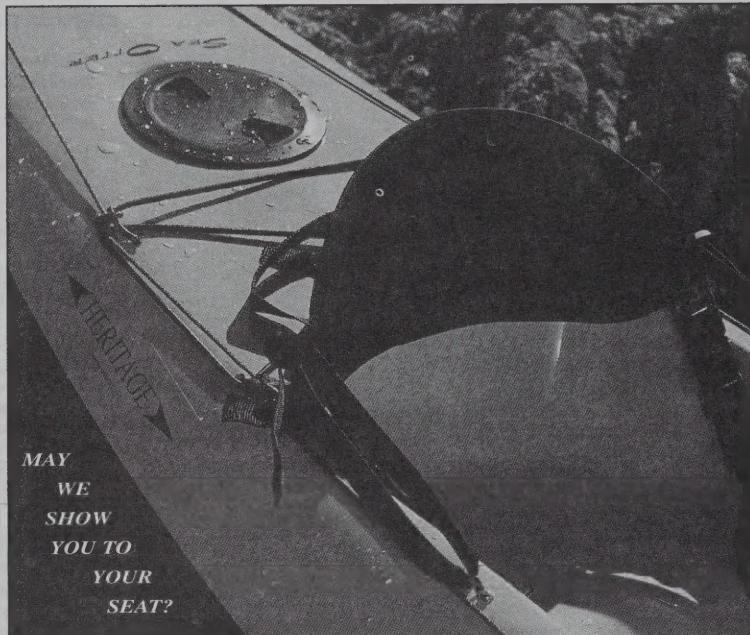
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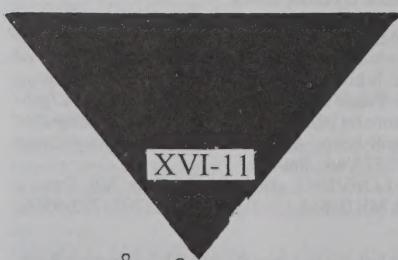


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